WORLD CALL

APRIL · 1933

Price 15 Cents

Yes . . LEADERSHIP

even for times like these

"People seem dazed."
"Numb with depression."
"Where are the old landmarks?"
"Youth graduating into unemployment."
"Three-forths of those who had laid aside enough to care for their old age are now destitute."
"Fifteen millions idle."

If there ever was a time when preachers were challenged to provide leadership, it is now. Like sheep without a shepherd, people need guidance through these troubled days.

WORLD CALL believes that we have that leadership in our pulpits. So we have set out to answer two questions:

WHO ARE OUR LEADERS?

WHAT IS THEIR MESSAGE FOR THIS HOUR?

We have asked the entire full-time ministry of the Disciples of Christ to vote on this question: *Who are the ten most effective living preachers among the Disciples of Christ?* The names of the ten men they choose will be announced in May WORLD CALL. Beginning with June, each month for ten months we will carry a great spiritual message from one of the ten. We will offer WORLD CALL as a microphone through which these leaders may speak to the brotherhood throughout the world. You cannot afford to miss a single issue of this great series. Clip the coupon on page 47 and mail it *today*.

World Call

International Magazine of Disciples of Christ
222 DOWNEY AVE., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

House Blessing

Bless the four corners of this house,
And be the lintel blest;
And bless the hearth and bless the board
And bless each place of rest;
And bless the door that opens wide
To stranger as to kin;
And bless each crystal windowpane
That lets the starlight in;
And bless the rooftree overhead
And every sturdy wall.
The peace of man, the peace of God,
The peace of Love on all!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Homecoming

After the fair, far places, this is best—
The well-known language and the labelled door,
The peace that waits for him who asks no more.
To be at home, to be no more a guest,
Though loved, though honored; forever to have turned
From the pleasures mixed with mystery, and have come
Into one's own again—this is the sum
Of earthly good. Though we may be concerned
A little with the specious ecstasy
Of alien friendships, and believe the soul
Of beauty sleeps at some exotic goal
Beset by briars, we come inevitably,
Surfeited with our brilliant loneliness,
Back to the rich and simple commonplace,
Yield to the tyranny of the law, retrace
The ever-flowering grounds. O measureless
The bounty of a universe wherein
One who has had his fill of glamour at last
May travel back again and find the past,
And be at home among his kith and kin!

—HELENE MULLINS.
In the *New York Times.*

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

Editorial and Business Office, 222 Downey Avenue Indianapolis, Indiana

Published monthly by the United Christian Missionary Society, Board of Education and Board of Temperance and Social Welfare through the World Call Publication Committee. Members: H. B. Holloway, Percy A. Wood, Roy G. Ross, I. J. Cahill, H. O. Pritchard, Ora L. Shepherd. Space used by the Pension Fund is on a contractual basis.

Staff: Harold E. Fey, Editor and Chief of Staff; Stephen J. Corey, Advisory Editor; Rose Stephens Rains, Office Editor; L. Madge Smith, National World Call Secretary. Contributing Editors: H. O. Pritchard and James A. Crain.

Subscription price $1.50 per year net in advance; 15 cents per copy.

Published monthly at Beaumont and Pine Streets, St. Louis, Missouri, for the United Christian Missionary Society, Indianapolis, Indiana. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at St. Louis, Missouri, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 412, Act of February 28, 1925, authorized December 31, 1925.

Copyright, 1933, by United Christian Missionary Society.

Notices concerning change of address should be mailed to WORLD CALL, Missions Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

World Call

VOLUME XV APRIL, 1933 No. 4

Contents

The Threshold ---- 2
Editorials ---- 3
Our Country Churches, *by Grant K. Lewis* ---- 5
The Easter Parade (a story), *by Helen Welshimer* 7
Fools for Christ's Sake, *by Virgil A. Sly* ---- 9
The Cross (a camera study) ---- 11
Book Chat, *by C. E. Lemmon* ---- 12
Economize—On Armaments, *by Linley V. Gordon* 13
That Great Christian School in Paraguay, *by Samuel Guy Inman* ---- 15
Home Missions Leader Passes, *by W. R. Warren* ---- 17
Listening In on the World, *by James A. Crain* ---- 18
The Disciples and the Laymen's Report, *by W. J. Lhamon* ---- 19
Melted Into Music, *by Imogene Mullins* ---- 20
A Missionary Rethinks Himself, *by George E. Miller* ---- 24
Christmas on Mission Fields ---- 26
A Day in My Chinese Pastor's Home, *by Verna Waugh Garrett* ---- 27
Thanksgiving Service, Pendra Road, *by Walter G. Menzies* ---- 28
New Quarters for Colegio Ward (South America), *by S. S. McWilliams* ---- 29
Fifty Remarkable Years, *by June Elizabeth Stanley* ---- 30
A Sheaf of Prayers, *by Lois Anna Ely* ---- 31
College Notes ---- 32
Report of Pensions Granted ---- 33
Signs Along the Congo Way, *by Myrta Pearson Ross* ---- 34
Missionary Organizations' Own Page ---- 35
Programs ---- 36
Devotional Study, *by Mary Frances E. Kelly* ---- 38
Echoes From Everywhere ---- 38
In Memoriam ---- 39
Hidden Answers ---- 40
Station UCMS Broadcasting ---- 41
Speaking of Books ---- 42
Helps for Leaders of Junior Groups, *by Grace W. McGavran* ---- 44
Receipts ---- 46
For the Church School Worker ---- 46

The Threshold

This Issue

We believe that you will find this number of WORLD CALL interesting from several angles. In our leading article the thousands of our rural churches, so often silent, find a voice. It is a voice which will be heard and it says things that need to be discussed.

No single feature of any magazine is read by everybody, but our unusual short story on the Easter theme will appeal to 90 per cent of those who see this issue.

Another of the articles is a modern version of that observation of Paul, "Not many wise, not many great, are called."

A new writer to our readers presents a cogent argument for a line of economy which even these hard times have not yet been able to force —economy in armaments.

The article on our school in Paraguay is concluded with a discussion of the ways in which the splendid teachers are implanting the Christian gospel into the life of that republic.

An appealing human-interest story of the wide-ranging Home Missions fields leads adventuring into strange corners of our own America.

And then one of our most lovable missionaries takes us intimately into his confidence and unfolds his life before us as though we sat in conversation with him on the porch of his Indian bungalow under the light of the tropic stars.

Last month we promised you an article by Kirby Page. When the article came it seemed so ideally fitted for our July Social Service number that we decided to hold it till then.

The Cover

"Behold a sower went forth to sow." Our cover illustrates this theme by reproducing a striking painting by the artist Burnand. Since the Self-Denial message is stressed in this number, it seemed to us that this springtime picture was appropriate. There is a famous story of a great famine. Early spring came, and the hero of the story had only a little grain left. Forgetting himself, he went forth to his enemy's field and seeded it down with the last of his own grain. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Isn't that what self-denial is?

The Answer to a Letter that Never Came

DEAR FRIENDS:

Most people have the idea that an editor has only to sit in his chair and watch the world go by. The trouble with that comfortable procedure is that the world has a fickle way of going down another street and leaving you high and very, very dry. So you have to hail it once in a while. "Ahoy, world! What are you thinking?"

An illustration was the story which we printed last month, "An Old Woman Passes." It was a missionary story and it did not have a happy ending. The miserable old Chinese woman who drifted into the mission chapel drifted out again into oblivion. She could think of nothing but her poverty. Those who addressed her did not know how to connect her need with their message. To be perfectly frank, I expected a "comeback" on that story, but so far there has not been a single letter, either of praise or blame, regarding a tale by one of the world's greatest writers, Mrs. Pearl S. Buck, who is herself a missionary.

Realizing this, I decided it was time to give the world a hail. I began asking questions, and discovered that this story has created quite a bit of puzzled discussion. Several opinions were ventured but the most common query was: Why did WORLD CALL print a story which did not have a happy ending?

I am glad to answer. In the first place, it was a true story, and "the truth," even the unpalatable truth, "shall make you free." In the second place, it presents in an unforgettable way the greatest problem that mission work faces: the appalling poverty which forces millions in mission lands down to a blind animal struggle for survival. Thirdly, it portrays how the constant presence of that misery dulls the sense of pity in Christian workers. In our story the Christian workers are Chinese, but missionaries face the same problem. That is one reason for furloughs, to sharpen up the sense of pity. Some of our best missionaries have said to me that their greatest battle is to keep alive in their hearts the Christlike sense of compassion, for they live year after year in the presence of suffering so terrible and so widespread that their best efforts can assuage only a fraction of it. Fourthly, we people here in America need to remember that missionary appeals do not always succeed, and that there are reasons why this is so. Here is a story of where Christian workers failed, and they failed because we fail at the same point. Neither the church at home nor the church abroad has yet been able to make Christian brotherhood bear the burdens of the millions who live below the poverty line. Fifthly, we all owe an obligation to "the old woman named Liu," and to all others in need, not to forget them, and to keep on trying to help them, even though we fail seventy times seven.

THE EDITOR.

P. S. Can you tell me how we can train WORLD CALL readers to develop the "comeback" habit? Letters are equally welcome, no matter whether they contain bouquets or bricks.

WORLD CALL

VOLUME XV APRIL, 1933 NUMBER 4

No New Deal for Japan

WHOEVER else gets a "new deal," Japan must get along with the old deal. She will have to use the existing peace machinery to settle her dispute with China. That, in essence, is the meaning of the recent League of Nations' decision on Manchuria.

The League said that Japan must take up her responsibility to keep the peace at the point where she laid it down seventeen months ago. The only solution possible, according to the nations of the League and the United States, is contained in the treaties which were available to Japan before she took arms. The war she has waged has settled nothing.

This is a very significant decision. It means that the patient postwar labors of the peacemakers have not been in vain. It establishes the precedent that military occupation, no matter how long, makes absolutely no difference in the rights of the case. In the future no nation may hold territory seized by the means England used to gain control over India or that we used to gain control over the Philippines. Blessed are the peacemakers. Tomorrow's world belongs to them.

What They Use for Money

ONLY the school-teachers have any pay coming in and they are buying shoes and luncheons for the children." This statement of a rural minister from the East might be duplicated all over America.

There can be no permanent alleviation of the condition of our rural churches until the twelve-year-old agricultural depression and the anarchy of denominationalism are both liquidated. Two plans have enabled hard-hit rural churches to struggle on a while longer, however. We mention them here in one hope that they may prolong the life of some church whose death would be a great loss to its community. We invite those who know of other plans to pass them on to WORLD CALL in order that others may benefit.

The first of these is the Lord's Acre Plan. It originated in Georgia and has been widely copied elsewhere. By this scheme the products of one acre or a portion of a certain crop are sold and the proceeds given to the church. Another plan, according to the Information Service of the Federal Council, is called the "commodity distribution plan," whereby a church member drops on the plate instead of money a slip announcing the amount of canned products, fresh food or fuel he can deliver at the church. The minister uses the amount of these products that he needs and the church sells the rest or exchanges them. Often much of that which is given is passed on to needy people in the community.

A National Earthquake

AS THIS is written immediately after the country-wide bank panic, the situation is a good deal like that immediately following an earthquake. The air is thick with dust from fallen landmarks and full of cries from excited people. All is confusion, for the moment, then the accounting begins. What is gone? What remains?

At this moment it seems clear that one landmark is definitely gone. For years nearly everybody has built his life around the security that he thought was in money. Money was supposed to insure against poverty, helpless age, unemployment, boredom, injustice and friendlessness. In other words, money would be relied upon to bring victory over the gaunt fears which haunt our civilization.

Now that sense of security is gone. The snowball of fear rolled up until it produced the landslide of panic. Frantic scrambling after individual security brought universal ruin. A few days ago it was said that "75 per cent of the folks in the Middle West who had reserves enough put away to make their old age secure are now left with practically nothing."

What remains? Brotherhood remains. We now see that the only real security we have is in brotherhood. That is a valuable lesson to learn. Our welfare is as much dependent on others as though we were sitting in a packed theater when an earthquake strikes and a fire breaks out. If each keeps his head all may march out to safety. If each tries to escape regardless of those who are ahead of him, all will perish. We are learning by what we suffer that the welfare of the individual is absolutely dependent on the well-being of the group. This first law of life is the basis of all social discipline. This fact of interdependence makes brotherhood more than a pious preachment. It is a social law as binding and inexorable in its workings as the law of gravitation.

What else remains? A question remains. We have for the moment saved our skins. We have reached the open air and rubbed our scorched eyebrows and shaken the plaster out of our clothes. Shall we now turn and build another firetrap?

The Month Among Disciples

The Personality of the Month

Hugh McLellan, minister of the First Christian Church of Winchester, Kentucky, recently delivered a series of lectures on preaching at the College of the Bible, Lexington, Kentucky. A Scotchman who moved in his youth to Australia and from thence to America, McLellan incorporates within himself the high ministerial tradition of Scotland, the mother of great preachers, and the broad outlook and inclusive culture of these younger lands. In over thirty-five years of preaching, he has held only four pastorates, three of which have been in Kentucky. He is recognized to be one of the outstanding preachers of that great state. He has published one volume of sermons and is in wide demand as a special speaker.

The Church of the Month

A church where it is no unusual thing for two thousand people to gather for Sunday school, which last year was third in the brotherhood in the amount of its gifts to the U. C. M. S., and which leads in its own city in every sort of worthy community enterprise, may rightly be considered to be a great church. Such a church is the Third Church of Indianapolis.

W. F. Rothenberger is its hard-working pastor. As chairman of the important Commission on Polity and Relationships of the U. C. M. S., first vice-president of the International Convention, and a trustee of the Pension Fund, he has enough to do to keep one man busy, yet his church is growing and is increasingly influential in the city and nation.

From some angles Third Church surprises one that it is so important and so large. It is on an obscure street in the residence section of the city. To people unfamiliar with the neighborhood, it is hard to find. Its church building is inadequate. Yet in this great congregation folk are finding something which feeds their souls. Hundreds of people loyally work together here. Two classes, the Girls' Federation and the Christian Men Builders, each do as much work as an average church. H. B. Holloway of the U. C. M. S. is superintendent of the church school.

The Event of the Month

During the past month a number of state World Fellowship Meets have been held throughout the country. They bring the leaders of the young people in the churches together to discuss the study and promotion of missions. As many as three hundred young people assemble in these "meets." In the recent Illinois meet a pastor drove three hundred miles to take three of his young church members to the conference. At the Indiana conference several pastors expressed themselves to the writer as believing that this movement and the summer conference movement constitute the finest advance which the brotherhood has made in the last ten years. These men live with these young people when the inspiration of conference has worn off, and they would not be enthusiastic if they did not see permanent good flowering in young lives. Pastors know that the book *Re-Thinking Missions* was right when it said, "What counts most in the progress of society are simple day-by-day events, such as may take place in the mind of a youth here and there, or in the formation of a new friendship. These tiny rootlet processes in the long run remake civilization."

The Mission Event of the Month

"Excited women and children whirled round and round in primitive Catherine wheels, tightly packed circles of three or four hundred men watch peacock-feathered Gonds dance the old war dances, wondering villagers look up at an enormous picture of the Nativity, skeptical farmers examined a new-fangled threshing machine or stopped to listen to the doctor in charge of the health booth. Deputy Commissioner McCleneghan's eyes popped wide in wonder at the enormous tomatoes, Laukees, gueenyas and at the great variety of vegetables and grains exhibited. Four hundred cultivators listened attentively to lectures by the officers of the Cooperative Credit Society and of the Agricultural Department. Six thousand people were painlessly exposed to scores of progressive ideas on animal husbandry, poultry farming, agriculture, cooperation and the like.

"Such is the annual fair at Pendra Road. W. G. Menzies, the resident evangelistic missionary, looks on it with pride, for it has been his patient labor and wise planning which has developed in this backward area a fair which is second to none in this region, which is genuinely educational, and which large numbers of people attend.

"The fair is held on a large lot next to the church. Villagers from a radius of fifteen miles attend. This year there were 1,718 entries of grains, vegetables, arts and crafts, animals, poultry, and the like. Farmers come to know what is possible in their own areas. Competition increases progress. Each is interested in seeing what others have done. A spirit of village pride is evident. . . . —D. A. McGavran.

—*Publishers' Photo Service*

Our Rural Churches

By GRANT K. LEWIS*

THERE are two reasons why the Disciples of Christ have a great stake in the present rural church situation.

First, our constituency is largely rural. The nation-wide survey made in 1929 by our rural church commission found 5,120 rural white churches in the United States. A church is counted "rural" by most students if it is in a community of 2,500 or less population. In this survey no data could be secured from Virginia, New Mexico and West Pennsylvania. The 1930 *Year Book* gave 7,840 more as the total number of white churches. This means that of every 100 churches, sixty-five and three-tenths are rural. Of every 100 members, 36 belong to rural churches.

A brotherhood so largely rural ought to be seriously concerned about the present rural church situation.

A second reason for our large concern in the matter is our abiding interest in Christian Unity. The rural church situation furnishes the most appalling necessity for cooperation and unity. Few rural communities can be found where from two to eight little, weak, struggling churches are not in active competition. There is no future for the church of God under such conditions. The Kingdom of God halts until a united religious work and worship program can be developed.

The Disciples of Christ with their passion for cooperation and unity should be leaders in such a program wherever they have a local church which is a party to this sectarian status quo.

The distribution of our rural churches varies greatly in the states—thus in the far North, the far East and the far West we have practically no churches out in the open country, and only a few in villages of be-

*Secretary, Home Missions Department, U. C. M. S.

tween one hundred and five hundred in population. In the states of the Mississippi Valley and the Southern states, approximately 85 per cent of our churches are classified as rural. In several of these, more than one-half of those that are classified as rural are in the open country or in villages under five hundred. Thus in Georgia, out of the total of 116 churches, 90 are in the open country or in villages under five hundred. In Kentucky, out of the total of 702, 589 are in the

open country or in villages under five hundred. In Illinois, out of the total of 547 churches, 368 are in the open country or in villages under five hundred. In Missouri, out of the total of 766 churches, 596 are in the open country or in villages under five hundred.

Out of the 5,120 rural churches, 227 have no house of worship. Of these, 87 are in Kentucky, 41 in Missouri, 25 in West Virginia. Of these 227 with no house, 125 are in open country and 66 in villages under five hundred.

Warren H. Wilson reports concerning all Protestant churches that "in communities of five thousand or less in America, only one church in eight has a resident pastor for full-time service."

Among the reasons given for the apparent failure of the rural church we note the following:

(1) Preachers are often unprepared, visionless and ignorant.

(2) Prepared men will not stay because of lack of finances; poor educational and cultural opportunities; churches not progressive; greater opportunities in cities; training has led to city life rather than country life; colleges are not directing students to country churches or preparing them for it.

(3) Many of these churches were organized in the early days when roads and vehicles were primitive. For this reason many rural churches were necessary for that generation. In an age of good highways and automobiles, many such churches should consolidate.

Methods of Ministry to Rural Communities

Various plans to help these rural churches to a capable ministry are employed. We mention and describe below those that seem to promise at least a partial solution to the problem.

a) The Full-Time Resident Pastor.

This plan, of course, is the best where the resources are available. A consecrated minister, born to the manor, well trained and with a knowledge of rural people and their customs and attitudes, living in the community and identified with its life, can render incalculable service to all the people, as pastor of the church.

This can be made possible on a minimum cash salary if the church owns a parsonage and a plot of ground sufficient to provide much of the living. Our people have a number of such churches attesting the marked success of this plan.

b) The Group Plan Resident Pastor.

In this case two or three or more local, adjacent churches cooperate in calling and supporting the same pastor, who usually lives in a parsonage, jointly owned and located convenient to the cooperating churches. The chief danger to the success of this plan is the tendency toward ultra independence of our local congregations. One of those cooperating churches may become dissatisfied with the preacher and pull away from the arrangement. Two very important principles are essential to the success of this plan:

(1) That a solemn agreement be made by the churches cooperating to act as a unit in all matters of joint interest. It would be wise to put this in writing and have it officially acted upon and signed.

(2) That a joint board be created, composed of one or two representatives of each church, to administer all joint interests.

c) The County Board and Its County Pastor.

According to this plan, the several churches in a given county form a county board made up of one or two representatives from each church. This board organizes itself by electing one of its members as president and one as secretary-treasurer. It appoints a regular date for a monthly meeting. By the consent of the local churches dependent upon this board to help supply preaching, an evangelist or pastor is selected to preach and labor among these smaller churches under direction of the county board. Part of his salary is usually paid by the treasury of the

(*Continued on page* 22.)

The Easter Parade

By HELEN WELSHIMER*

IT WAS Easter night.

Candles marched in white parade across the altar. The lilies lifted their tall heads proudly as though they had conquered and knew, somewhere, a tomb was open, graveclothes were thrown aside, and a stone was rolled away.

The organist found a wandering song and followed it on and on, through half-forgotten years, until it found a road outside an Eastern city and went up a mountain side to a place where there had been a cross. It was a highway of song, winding and lovely, that ended too quickly.

All of a sudden the odor of the lilies was a little too sweet for the young minister who had slipped into one of the farthest seats of the auditorium to meditate for a few minutes before his congregation gathered. The day had been filled with formality. There had been correct anthems, correct prayers, correct clothes. The wealthy congregation, whose old stone church stood at the corner where the slums began, was celebrating Easter with more style and dignity than reverence.

Robert Norton wanted a breath of clean, cool air, a sky of stars, a wide rain-sweet wind . . . anything that was spacious and far . . . There seemed to be no way to escape the too-sweet lilies, except at the church door, so he went into the outer corridor.

IT WAS there that he saw the boys. There were a dozen of them, maybe more. He knew at once that they did not belong to his parishioners.

Their hair wasn't combed and their caps were shabby. Patches made brave attempts to hold trousers together. Shirts were woefully soiled. But the boys were sitting on the church steps, calmly as though they had been appointed watch guards.

One of them turned as Rob came through the door.

"Hey, mister, can we go in there, too?" he asked. "How much does it cost?"

The boy's voice was a little shrill, a little thin, as though it had stayed out in the night too long and caught cold.

"Sure, come in," the young minister urged. "It doesn't cost anything."

"Honest? No foolin'?" That was another voice, a more timid one. "Who pays?"

"The people who belong to it. Where do you boys live?" Robert Norton asked.

"Oh, any place. Mostly no place. We're traveling," another volunteer voice added.

"Traveling? Are you going far?"

"We don't know. Maybe." Now there was stubbornness in the tones. The minister could feel the boys retreating. He was an outsider, an intruder. Then the little boy whose voice was timid spoke again.

"We stay till the cops shove us out. Then we go on."

"You mean you haven't any homes?" Robert Norton asked again.

"Oh, some of us have. But there were too many kids or our old men didn't have jobs, so they told us to get out," a bolder voice explained.

Robert Norton had heard of this army. There are hundreds of thousands of homeless children roaming the byways of the land, he knew. But close as his own church was to the dimly lit streets which snaked through the slums like the weary stretches of a black river, he had never seen the wandering children before. Sometimes there were men, derelicts cast here by a strange tide, who asked help. But a dozen little boys!

Then he had an inspiration. He forgot that the church service would begin in half an hour and the congregation would assemble presently.

"Hungry, fellows?" he asked. "I think there are some sandwiches in the kitchen. . . ."

"You mean . . . free?" It was the thin little voice of the timid thin little boy that spoke. Evidently there had always been a coin required for admittance at all of the doors on which he had knocked.

"Free?" He said the word as though it were the magic word Aladdin used when he touched the wishing lamp, or the whisper that had wakened the sleeping princess.

"Free!" Rob repeated the word as though it were part of the Hallelujah chorus that the choir would sing that night. "This way, fellows!"

*Feature writer, daughter of P. H. Welshimer, minister of the famous First Christian Church of Canton, Ohio.

There was a scampering of feet. Faces that were too sharp, eyes that were too cunning responded to the hunger call.

"Had anything to eat today?" Rob asked. "I hope you haven't for I'm hungry too. I have to preach tonight . . . it always scares me when I don't know what to say. . . . Food will help."

"You're a preacher?"

"Gee! But you look like a regular feller!"

Sandwiches, and bottles of milk were waiting in the refrigerator. The young people of the church had prepared them for their monthly recreational service after the church worship ended.

Rob had thought that a few sandwiches wouldn't be missed. But he hadn't reckoned with twelve appetites. One after another, the plates were emptied, and still they ate with wolfish speed.

Twelve little boys were hungry. Dimly the young minister knew that he would be criticized. His members wrote checks to aid the poor and needy. But they walked down on the other side of the street when they saw a publican sitting by the curb. They might toss coins to the beggars who sat by the street corners but they never asked them in to the spiritual feast.

But twelve little boys were hungry—children who had no one to tuck them into bed when sheltering walls shut out the darkness and the stars; no one to hear their rhyming prayers when it was time for candlelight and dreaming; no one to spread bread thick with butter and jelly. . .

All of a sudden a gay, light laugh, like a rippling breeze on a mountain stream, or a merry wind that was caught in tall tree branches, broke the silence of crunching sandwiches.

"Robert Norton! What are you doing?" a girl's voice asked.

"Oh, hello, Eleanor. Come in. We're having a party." Rob was on his feet at once. Eleanor Pendleton was the daughter of the wealthy chairman of the board. Her hair was copper-colored, the bright copper of pennies that have just come from the mint. Rob was a little afraid of her. She did the correct thing so easily.

Then, too there was her father. He was pompous, important and—well, self-righteous, Rob confessed. He wanted his church saved for its parishioners. There was no room, he had said, for a recreation room for the factory boys and girls; no time for the athletic young minister to use his leadership in behalf of the undernourished, underexercised physiques of the needy.

"But the church should help the people who need her," Robert had protested at first.

"You are hired to preach for us and to care for the ill and suffering," the president of the board had replied.

And now Rob had let children roam in from the highways and the byways. Ragged children whose faces weren't clean and whose wits were sharpened by stealing apples from the corner stands, and pretzels from the sticks that old women carried.

"It's a grand idea," Eleanor was saying. "May I join you? I'm hungry! Oh, good! Cheese sandwiches! Why didn't you ask me in the first place?"

"It was an impromptu party," Robert explained. "Unexpected guests arriving, you know—" He was laughing and so was she.

"But Robert! The committee. . ." Then she stopped. She wouldn't let the children hear her say that there would be a complaint because they had eaten food prepared for others.

He came over to her and spoke in a low voice. "I know but I'll make it good. I'll send out for some more stuff. . . . How many will it take?"

"Never mind. I'll call the cook at home to send down hundreds."

The young minister flushed. Hundreds! He remembered then that he had only one dollar in his pocket. It wouldn't have bought very much. He wished for a moment that there were still miracles abroad in the land—that two loaves and five fishes would feed a multitude and that manna came from heaven every morning for homeless boys.

The timid, thin little boy interrupted. In his hand he held an Easter egg. A brilliant green affair that was a little streaked as though a hot little hand had pressed it too fondly.

"Gee, I'm glad you had those sandwiches," the child said. "I was afraid I'd have to eat this. A lady gave it to me on the street. I'm taking it home."

"It's a beautiful egg," Eleanor said softly. "Where is your home?"

"Oh—I forgot!" He didn't talk again.

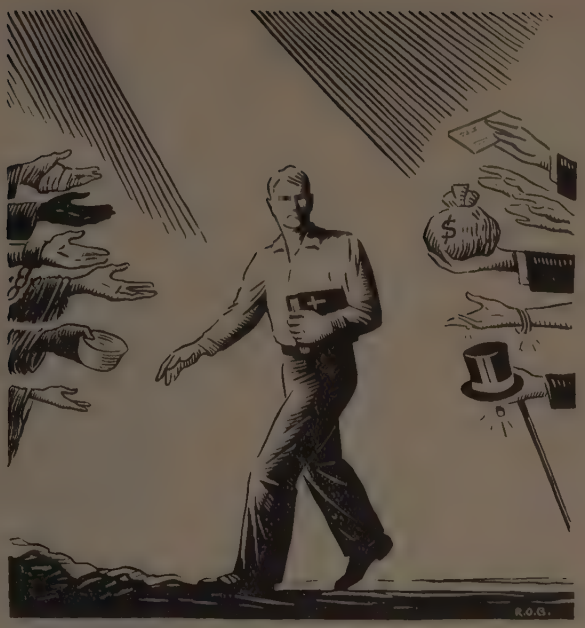
But an older boy explained. "The kid ain't got a home any more. When his old lady shoved off they were goin' to put him in a poor farm so he beat it and tied up with our gang. He forgets. . . . He's young . . . he crys. . . ."

The feast was nearly done, and Eleanor had slipped away to telephone the cook, when another shadow fell across the doorway. The minister had forgotten about the white candles that marched across the altar. He

(*Continued on page* 23.)

Fools— for Christ's Sake

By VIRGIL A. SLY



Toward whose hands shall we turn?

SELF-DENIAL is not common sense. Only fools deny themselves. Who but a fool would give to the church the money with which he expected to buy an overcoat? Who but a fool would deny himself all the joys and love of his family and companionships to bury himself in the heart of the Belgian Congo to bring Christ to a people whom practical folk say do not amount to much anyhow? None but a fool would be willing to spend his life away from all that he holds dear, in the slums of a great city for a broken-down humanity who curse oftener than they bless.

The trails of history are strewn with the bleached bones of fools like these who have followed after their ideals. But a queer contradiction follows such foolishness. It is this. Until fools laid down their lives on these trails there were no markers for mankind to follow. Each forward step in the long progress of the centuries has cost the life of some sublime fool. What if all men had been wise?

No one can say that self-denial is practical. Not only is it not practical, it is dangerous. One is ashamed to think of the numbers of Americans of our own generation who have been tarred and feathered, ridden on rails, and often killed for merely trusting a principle called Freedom. One shudders when he looks back into history. The pages are wet with the blood of fools who have followed noble ideals in the face of bigotry, vested interest, fear and indifference. Surely the road of self-denial is lonely and traveled only by those fools whose souls are hardy.

Yet Jesus traveled that road. Although they said he was mad, he gave himself to his ministry. He never promised his followers comforts, ease and self-advancement. Instead he sounded a stern note of warning to those who would follow him. "If anyone comes to me without hating his own father, mother, wife and children and brothers and sisters, and his very life, too, he cannot become a disciple of mine." There is no escape from sacrifice for those who walk in his way, for his way leads straight to every crying need, straight to every hunger in the range of human life.

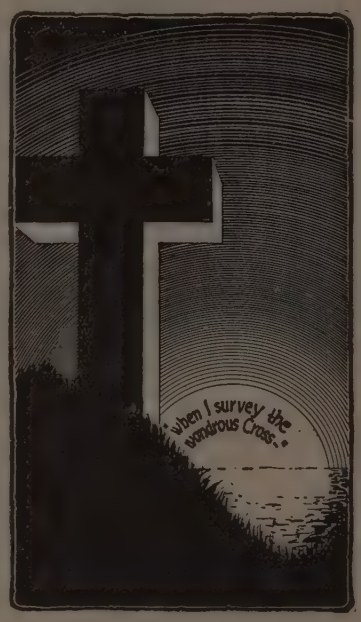
A strange thing about this madness of Jesus was its contagious quality. The transforming love of Christ claimed men, and they in turn claimed their fellows for him. They were willing to become fools for Christ's sake. Listen to Paul, that shining fool: "I have been often at the point of death. Five times have I been beaten by the Romans, once pelted with stones, three times shipwrecked, adrift at sea for a whole night and a day. I have been in danger from Jews and Gentiles, through dangers of towns and of deserts, through dangers on the sea, through dangers among false brothers, through labor and hardships, through many a sleepless night, through hunger and thirst, starving many a time, cold, ill-clad, and all the rest of it." What a wonderful fool!

These early fools for Christ knew what their cause was going to cost them. They did not talk in terms of denying themselves petty incidentals. It never occurred to them to doubt that everything they had, even their lives, belonged to the cause which they were following. They knew what it was going to mean to oppose the systems of their day. They were called by the people in those earlier days "those that have turned the world upside down." They went into the adventure with their eyes open. They knew what the cost was going to be and were willing to pay. What glorious fools!

When we face their record a wild doubt of their foolishness springs upon us. Perhaps they were not

fools after all! Perhaps self-denial for Christ's sake is really the most wonderful thing in the world. We dare not cheapen it by fastings that should be practiced anyway, or by the mere denial of luxuries that make us ashamed of our spendthrift ways. It must be real.

For a present-day example of real self-denial, turn to that great body of men and women working in America today called by the humble title of home missionaries. These modern fools for Christ have caught in their souls the spark that kindled the fires of passion and sacrifice exhibited by the earlier followers of Jesus. They serve in unassuming positions at a wage whose microscopic smallness staggers description. They labor among foreign-speaking people who are ostracized by American society. They are found among the coal miners, and in foreign settlements of large cities. They educate the Negro. They quietly mould the character of the people in the rural sections. Men and women of the highest intellect gladly sacrificing life itself, unknown and unheard of, working day and night to bring to this country the realization that unless America builds a Christian nation it cannot build at all.



Bertha Merrill was an angel of light and mercy to the tenement children of east-side New York. She tenderly shared the pathos and the suffering of her people and walked the dark alleys unafraid in order to bring light to darkened hearts. Like a magnet the pale and diseased children of filthy tenements drew her. Bertha Merrill gave her life in the confusion and pressure of New York slums. On a Christmas Eve, after she had prepared with loving hands a Christmas tree and gifts for her children, weary from unselfish toil and confused by the glaring lights, she was crushed by an automobile. One of the Polish mothers, whose children she had blessed, cried out as though her heart would break when she learned of her death: "Oh, she was so good! She was so good! What can we do! What can we do!"

A half century ago C. C. Smith was chosen to lead Negro evangelization and education. His was a thankless, difficult task in those early days. He denied himself every comfort of travel and many of the necessities of life that he might overcome opposition and put the money he raised into the work he loved. His heart burned for the Negro and his message caused other hearts to burn. He planted the ideals of education in many a young Negro heart. Under the strain of his noble and untiring work his health broke, but like the prophet for the race which he loved his voice only was hushed when death took him.

Human life would sink back incredibly and beyond all recovery if it were not for the supreme sacrifice of fools like these, who were willing to abandon all for the love which Christ has brought to mankind.

No! Self-denial is not practical. But it is that impractical spirit of abandonment for the cause of Christ that moves the world forward in this spirit.

Is America to become Christian? Only when we are willing to abandon ourselves in a self-denial that shakes our souls. Only when we, too, become "Fools for Christ," like the nameless saints of Edward Everett Hale's great poem:

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came,
Brought all he had across the sea
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak;
Dragged from the soil
With horrid toil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty piled the haggard mountain side;
And at the end, without memorial died.
No blaring trumpets sounded out his fame,
He lived—he died—I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.
Only a cheerful city stands
Builded by his hardened hands.

* * * * * * *

And I?
Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
Some rock for me to break,
Some handful of His corn to take
And scatter far afield
Till it, in turn, shall yield
Its hundredfold
Of grains of gold
To feed the waiting children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me.
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Count me among all Faithful Souls.

—*Publishers Photo Service, Inc.*

A Cross implanted in the Austrian Alps

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace there is that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

—*John Bowring*

Book Chat

A FEW months ago our editor expressed himself as being haunted by a book. Sometimes books do come up over the horizon in a sort of mysterious and ghostly manner, as indeed religious movements have a way of seeming to rise right out of the ground. The book of the Oxford Movement, *For Sinners Only,* so phantom at first, is now in every book store and the Oxford Groups have been a very real presence in several of our American cities, leaving in their wake the "changed," the questioning, and the skeptical.

For Sinners Only, by A. J. Russell, a London journalist, is simple narrative. The chief character is Frank Buchman, radiant personality, organizer of house parties, executive extraordinary, believer in the morning quiet hour during which with pencil poised one waits to write down the "guidance" for the day's work, advocate of the "sharing" with others of the inner life with all its sins and problems, holding dogmatically to absolute honesty, purity, and forgiveness, and endeavoring to achieve the communal spiritual experiences of the first-century church. The book is interesting and will do good. It will help splinter the sophistication of our day. It will emphasize the necessity for wholesome Christian living and revive again the importance of personal testimony in the transmission of religion.

The Oxford Movement is all things to all men. To the ardent whose religion is channeled to them along emotional grooves it will come with the force of a revelation; to many of the troubled and overburdened it will bring support and blessing; while other multitudes of equally thoughtful believers will view it with some misgivings. They will feel that the principle of "guidance" is too naïve and involves God in too much small business, they will consider the moral absolutes of honesty, purity, and forgiveness too dogmatic for life situations where ethical choices are most often relative. The more socially minded critics will look upon the movement as being used for an "escape" from the hard conditions of these difficult days when religion ought not relax in its robust effort to make a new social order.

Flowering Wilderness is the title of the last novel published by John Galsworthy before he died. It is the second book of the Cherrell family. Dinny Cherrell, the very modern daughter of General Cherrell, falls in love with a roving young poet with a war record, who while traveling in the East runs into some fanatical Arabs and at the point of a gun is forced to embrace the Moslem faith. Dinny has no religion to speak of and the elder Cherrells have long since ceased to bother their conventional English God. When Dinny hears of the young man's renunciation of the faith she gives it but little thought. Not so with the rest of the Cherrell family. They are English to the core, and religion even if not personally felt is a part of the pattern of English thought. Something elemental rises up in the Cherrells, and a deep distrust manifests itself against the young man who "saved his skin" by renouncing a faith that he did not really have. The match is broken up by the combined pressure of family distrust and the young poet goes on his forlorn way. One of our most popular New York preachers used this novel as the basis of a sermon on the subject "Are There Any Loyalties Left?"

One's sense of loss at the death of Galsworthy is mitigated a bit by the fact that the manuscript of a third book of the Cherrell family was completed and revised before the author's passing and will soon be published. It will complete the Saga of the Cherrells as was done for the Forsytes in the Forsyte Saga. Galsworthy was a poet and playwright as well as a novelist but it seems to me that his important contribution to letters is in the intimate portrait of England given us in the chronicles of these two imaginary English families. The historian of this period may trace events through the statesmen, Chamberlain, Asquith, and Lloyd George, but if he desires accurate background he will go to the Forsytes and the Cherrells. It seems hardly just that so great a craftsman as Galsworthy should have waited until nearly the end of his life to have received the highest recognition in the literary world, the Nobel Prize for literature.

Forgive Us Our Trespasses is the title of the new novel by Lloyd Douglas, preacher-author. It is a good story and contains a moral. It is sure to be read with appreciation by many people who are fed-up with the hard realism of much of our present-day fiction. A good novelist must possess at least three qualities, he must know life, he must understand the particular point of view he would impart, and he must have the technique of the novel at his command. Dr. Douglas knows life, and having been a preacher and theologian he is able to deal with the particular problem of the story with intelligence and insight. His previous novel, *Magnificent Obsession,* has astounded the book trade by remaining a best seller for more than three years.

(The books discussed here are listed on page 42.)

—C. E. LEMMON, *Columbia, Mo.*

Economize—In Armaments

•

By LINLEY V. GORDON*

•

IN THESE days we are hearing much about the world crisis. Nations are on tenterhooks. Prophets of disaster appear on every hand. The world economy is doomed, so they say.

Various causes are given for the present desperate plight in which nations now find themselves, overproduction, standardization, overpopulation, capitalism, communism, international bankers, mechanization, currency depreciation, tariff. These and other reasons are advanced, but they miss the biggest cause of all. The chief contributing source of international misery and woe was the World War and the main cause of that stupendous cataclysm was competitive armament.

If this be true we can then get at some estimate of the cost of armament.

First, the money cost. The Great War cost $350,000,000,000. That is equivalent to the value of the entire economic system of the United States. The war up till June, 1930, outside of pensions, cost the United States $38,000,000,000. Every hour the United States was in the war it cost us $2,000,000. Armaments lead to war and war costs are of astronomical proportions.

But armed peace is as costly as war insofar as money is concerned.

A world disarmament conference is soon to begin its second session but while the nations comprising it are assembled they are spending four and a half billion dollars yearly on their military establishments. Great Britain spends a thousand dollars per minute. The United States spends a thousand per minute. The two English-speaking nations, the two chief white nations, the two professing Christian nations are spending $2,000 per minute in getting ready for war. Each hour the American and British delegates sit in their disarmament chairs their governments are looting the people's pockets of $120,000. Each day while delegates at the Disarmament Conference do lip service in the cause of peace the nations comprising the Conference, the nations signatory to the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war are squandering

Stop the Big Leak First

the people's treasure to the tune of $12,328,768.

In 1914 there was no League of Nations, no Permanent Court of International Justice, no Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war. The Central Powers had not been defeated and the German military machine was in existence. In that year the United States spent $267,000,000 on national defense. This year what are we going to spend? The Central Powers have been conquered. Their armies have been reduced by treaty to a police force. Their navy is a police navy. The League, the Court, the General Pact for the Renunciation of War are now in existence but what is going to be our financial layout this year on our military system? Very much less you would say? Surely we shall not use as much as we did before the "war to end war" was fought. Surely we shall not require as much now that Germany has been rolled in the dust. Surely now that we have all agreed to settle disputes by pacific means only, we shall need only a modicum of the amount we spent in 1914 before the instruments of peace were in operation. Don't be fooled. We are going to spend this year $612,000,000, according to President Hoover. Not only that but we are to give nearly a billion dollars to veterans notwithstanding the fact that the government income for the next fiscal year will in all probability not be more than $2,750,000,000.

A considerable portion of the money in the world is being spent on wars past, present and future. This is where the money of Great Britain, the United States, France, Japan and Italy is going. What is euphemistically called national defense constitutes the most formidable item in national budgets.

*Extension Secretary, World Alliance for International Friendship, world traveler and author.

We hear a great deal about intergovernmental debts. There is going to be a reconsideration of these debts, and, of course, debtors and creditors should meet for consideration of such a problem. But it is not the debts that are biting into the budgets of the debtor nations. The debt installment represents less than one-half of one per cent of their national income and less than 3 per cent of their national budget and less than one-seventh per cent of their expenditure on armament. The British payment on debt if the present figures prevailed would be around $160,000,000 annually, but her armament expenses for this year will be over $600,000,000. The French payment which was defaulted recently was less than $20,000,000 while the French armament cost this year is approximately $500,000,000.

In the last reduction one may say that the debts are the result of armament: armaments lead to war, war piles up pyramids of debt and when the bill falls due no one wants to pay.

The world is at a loss to find work for 40,000,000 men who are in economic misery but it can find money for the metal beast of armament. Not millions of dollars but billions of dollars, year in and year out, while millions of honest men groan in anguish because they have no jobs. Military and naval contractors must get their money. The munition makers must sell their powder. National defense which does not defend must be paid for.

Banks can fail by the thousands, national and international credit can be dislocated, millions of boys and men can stand in the breadline waiting for a hand-out but the paraphernalia of war must be provided for.

The Human Cost

So much for the cost in treasure. We are now ready to consider the human cost.

If excessive and competitive armament is the cause of war, we may then say that, in the main, it was responsible for the:

10,000,000 known dead soldiers
6,295,512 seriously wounded
14,002,039 otherwise wounded
5,983,600 prisoners and missing
9,000,000 war orphans
5,000,000 war widows
10,000,000 refugees

This is an informing table of statistics in the creation of which armaments played the most significant part. So much for the human cost, the cost in blood.

Now consider the moral cost. What have we inherited from the war? It left wounds in the body of Europe and Asia. There is a running sore in Germany, France, Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Russia and other European countries, and the continuance of armaments keeps the wound from healing. It will never be cured until the nations concerned cease their preparedness for war.

What has the United States achieved? Think of the international tension caused alone by the debts. There is no land that praises the United States. Of course no nation is now praising its neighbor. They are all afraid of one another. They are armed for security but they are scared. They are busy counting the battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines, airplanes, soldiers of their neighbors. They look at gun calibers. They measure them. They weigh the tanks. They consider the elevation of guns. They watch the boundaries to prevent smuggling in arms. The borders bristle with bayonets. Governments say they are doing it for security of life and property, but if they would read history they would realize that armed peace has never brought security either of life or property. Nothing proves that more than the late war. All the nations were armed for security and now victor and vanquished alike are in the soup kitchen and ten million boys are asleep in death, sacrificed on the altar of security. If this folly is allowed to continue, then the judgment of men hath flown to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason.

And it would seem that governments are going to continue in their wickedness and folly. Certainly not much came out of the first session of the World Disarmament Conference.

It is not only fear, but suspicion and greed and hate that have followed in the wake of armament. These are the psychological Four Horsemen. Given these four psychic horsemen, harness them to the chariot of armament and they will once again carry millions to the field of blood.

Well—what shall we do?

First: Back the proposal of our Administration for a one-third cut in all armament. President Hoover led the way in this. We should stand for it at the Geneva Conference. It would save billions of dollars and would help remove a mighty threat and would release a large sum of money for productive work and would aid in the restoration of confidence. Armaments enslave the people. We have renounced war by a multilateral treaty, the next step should be to renounce armaments by multilateral treaty.

It is armament that prevents the proper functioning of all our peace instruments such as the League, the Court and the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Pact.

Second: Back the Hoover Proposal for an embargo in the shipment of arms and munitions to nations in conflict.

Third: If the debts are revised downward, insist that in return there should be substantial reduction of armament on the part of the debtor nations.

That Great Christian School in Paraguay

By SAMUEL GUY INMAN*

Young Paraguayan graduates of Colegio Internacional

HOW many legs has a calf, if you count his tail as a leg?" old Dr. Trumbull used to ask his students. And his reply was, "Four legs; because counting a tail as a leg doesn't make it a leg." So counting an assembly of people a school does not make it a school unless something is really being taught.

Something is really being taught in Colegio Internacional. It is a real school with much attention given to modern pedagogical science. The instruction begins in the kindergarten, extends through the six grades of the primary and the five grades of the secondary, preparing, according to the Paraguayan system, for students to enter the university or in the United States to enter college. The regular prescribed government course is given, but with the superior faculty many other things are taught. The college has been given preferential treatment by the government inspector of schools, who rarely thinks it necessary to inspect the work. This year, because of some difficulties with drawing professors, the director asked for an inspection. An inspector was appointed who gave particular attention to the orientation being given to geometrical drawing. The inspector was so well pleased that none of the students were required to take examinations and the school has been authorized to adopt the new orientation, and it is reported that it will also be adopted by the government's secondary school in Asunción.

The monthly faculty meetings are becoming increasingly important in the life of the school. This year the meetings have been better attended than ever before and there is more interest being shown in them. The meetings have two main objects, educational and social. In the first part educational themes are discussed, which is followed by an hour of general conversation while taking tea. A series of committees study and summarize the aims to be attained in teaching all the school subjects. After that it is hoped to determine the best methods by which these aims may be realized. In general Paraguay is more retarded in her secondary schools than in her primary schools. At a recent faculty meeting the director spoke regarding "A Philosophy for Secondary Education," and Professor Norment outlined the necessary qualifications of a professor. If one realizes that in these faculty meetings the Director General of Education, the Inspector General of Education, the Secretary General of Education, the present Director of Colegio Nacional (the only public secondary school in the capital), two ex-directors of Colegio Nacional, and the two best educated Paraguayan women are present, then these faculty meetings begin to take on an important character for all Paraguayan education.

A Christian school: Since this school is maintained by a Christian organization, one is anxious to know how the matter of Christian teaching is conducted. Let Director Elliott answer this in his own words: "According to Dr. Coe and other distinguished leaders in Christian Education, neither the church in the 'Homeland' nor the mission schools do a very good job at Christian education. Our present civilization is a very good proof that such a statement is not far wrong. Our main aim as a mission school is to develop Christlike lives, to develop Christian character. How we can best accomplish that constitutes our most important problem. Just now there is a very strong movement in the Catholic church in Paraguay to force the teaching of the catechism in the public schools. The priests say that in the countries where the catechism is taught there is much less crime than

*Executive Secretary, Committee on Cooperation in Latin America. This article is a continuation of "Nation-Building in Paraguay" in March WORLD CALL.

Bolivian soldiers recently captured in the Chaco war by Paraguay

in those countries where the catechism is not taught. In fact they claim that the teaching of the catechism in the public schools of Paraguay would soon right most of the social wrongs. Of course it is quite obvious that such would not be the case, for social wrongs have never been set straight in any country by the mere teaching of the catechism. If the social wrongs of Paraguay could be eliminated by the teaching of the catechism, no doubt we would be among the first to work for such a project. We are not going to develop good Christians merely because we have classes called Bible classes or Sacred Literature. In these, as in all other classes, we must keep the main objective of the school in mind—that of developing Christian character, and we need continually to ask ourselves, In what ways can such character be formed? We will remember, of course, that the young children especially are great imitators. Therefore what we do and the way we act day after day before them has more importance than what we say.

OUR program for the Bible instruction which is so valuable should, therefore, be well prepared and graded to meet the needs of the various types and ages. Our big task is to present this material in such a way that the life of Jesus—the abundant life—will become dynamic in the lives of the students.

"The classes which are given to teaching directly Christian principles are called 'Conversations.' Here moral, social, educational and religious problems are discussed. We make no sharp distinction between them, we do not know just when a problem ceases to be a social one and becomes a religious one. Perhaps the time will come when distinctions should be made, but we feel that religion has to do with every phase of life and is not a separate compartment. This word 'Conversations' is not entirely satisfactory, but it seems to fit the facts better than any other word. These classes have been intensely interesting. Students have gone all over the city seeking facts and have consulted many books in the library."

That the main object of Colegio Internacional is to produce Christian character in its students and in the community of which they form a part is well understood by all in Asunción. This object is being carried out with more success than most of the schools with the same object which enjoy the favorable atmosphere of the United States. There are four distinct methods of inculcating Christian teachings: through the personal influence of the Christian teacher; through the teachings of the Bible and principles of Christian living in each grade in the school, with required attendance; through the Sunday morning service, conducted for all the boarding students, on the same lines as a like service in the United States; and through the extension work of the institution, consisting of public lectures both in and out of the school, and the participation of the Christian teacher in the life of the community through the Rotary Club, federal school and government institutions, and the numerous activities in the community where both privately and publicly these Christian educators are making a profound contribution to spiritual values.

It was the privilege of the writer to discuss long and earnestly with the American teachers this aspect of their work. It is clearer than ever today, when the whole fabric of our civilization is being tested, that education without the Christian content, without definite inculcation of a desire to practice the teachings of Christ, does not have the dynamic necessary for the youth of today. In our discussions we went into many details about the best way of developing each of the four departments of this spiritual emphasis. I have never seen Christian missionaries more concerned about this spiritual emphasis than are these teachers. I have no hesitancy in going further and saying that in all the Christian work I have visited on this trip to South America, whether that be evangelistic, medical, social or educational, I have seen none that impressed me as doing more fundamental Christian service than this is Asunción.

I MADE my first trip to Asunción in 1917 at the request of the Disciples Mission Board to study the best way of opening Christian work in this faraway city. Because of the peculiar and very extensive opportunity, we recommended the sending of a missionary to study for a year in the university and make contacts in the city, and then decide on a program. This was done and a small school was opened soon afterward. There are several other churches in the city so the Disciples have continued to give their whole time to spreading Christian teaching through the school. And behold what results!

In these days of questioning about the mission enterprise, here is one enterprise that will call forth the enthusiastic support of the most critical. It is a tonic for the discouraged, worth coming all the way to Paraguay to secure.

On my first visit to Asunción, I saw placards on the street corners reading *"¡Abajo con la Religión!"* Down with Religion! On this trip, with the Minister of Education and the Rector of the university on the platform and the parents and children of rich and poor alike filling the auditorium of this Christian institution, my appeal to follow Christ in this solemn hour of the world's need was cheered to the echo. Much remains to be done in Colegio Internacional. But the Christian influence of this school in the lives of the students and of their parents, and in the general community, where every moral force is made stronger and evil influences made weaker, is indeed a matter for deep gratitude to God.

Home Missions Leader Passes

By W. R. WARREN*

•

A LIFE singularly and effectively devoted to the brotherhood of Disciples of Christ closed when Benjamin Lyon Smith slept quietly into eternity on February 13, 1933, at the home of his daughter Josephine (Mrs. J. W. Jordan) in a New Jersey suburb of New York. (His youngest daughter, Dorothy, is the wife of Professor Thomas M. Brunetti of Columbia University.)

May 2, 1932, he had written, "I want to go to my fiftieth National Convention in October." January 25, 1933, he wrote, "My disappointment in missing the National Convention is keen even yet." Earlier in the same letter he said, "My chief disappointments are not being able to go and see my friends; my chief joy would be a homegoing like Medbury's, but I must be patient and wait."

He was born near Cincinnati and graduated from Bethany College in 1878 under the guidance of Alexander Campbell's associates. He married Mary Higgins of Wheeling, West Virginia, a sister of Mrs. Jabez Hall, a cousin of the Olivers of Pittsburgh, and one of the most beautiful and gracious women of her generation. George T. Smith, one of his brothers, with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Garst were our first missionaries to Japan.

Successful pastorates in Holliday's Cove, West Virginia; Lisbon, Ohio; Terre Haute, Indiana; and Topeka, Kansas, and especially his service as secretary of the Kansas Christian Missionary Society, brought him into national notice. At the National Convention in Dallas, 1895, he was elected secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society.

The vigor with which he pushed "Home Missions to the Front" during his ten years' administration soon cleared the society of its indebtedness, coordinated its work with that of the various state societies, and greatly increased the volume of the work and its hold on the hearts of our people.

His later pastorates were Salina, Kansas; Moberly, Missouri; and Rochester, New York.

During the Moberly pastorate an unusual honor came to Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Among the pioneer Disciples of Pittsburgh were Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Oliver, who were keenly interested in Ministerial Relief. As a memorial to them in 1919 their children

Benjamin Lyon Smith

created the Henry W. and Margaret Oliver Named Fund of $18,000 in the Permanent Fund of Ministerial Relief. It was specified that Mr. and Mrs. Smith should receive an annuity on this fund as long as either of them lived, which for Mrs. Smith was scarcely two years.

A few years later Mr. Smith married Mrs. J. H. Gilliland, who had been an able coadjutor of Mr. Gilliland in his monumental ministry in Bloomington, Illinois. Her independent means and Mr. Smith's annuity gave them extraordinary liberty in their work, which was chiefly in *ad interim* pastorates with important churches like Norfolk; San Diego; Indianapolis, Central; Wichita; and Jackson, Tennessee.

Between these temporary pastorates, Mr. Smith carried out his long-cherished purpose of writing a life of Alexander Campbell. Much of the material for this was supplied by Jabez Hall, who had been one of Mr. Campbell's most beloved students. The book is an important supplement to Richardson's *Memoirs of Mr. Campbell.*

Like all democracies, our people too easily and too quickly forget those who have loved and served them with lifelong devotion, and we do well to inscribe the name of Benjamin Lyon Smith among those whom we resolve not to forget.

*Executive vice-president, Pension Fund.

Listening In On the World

By James A. Crain, Secretary, Board of Temperance and Social Welfare

Prohibition Repealed, but not the Liquor Problem

ON FEBRUARY 17th the Senate, under the leadership of Senator Robinson of Arkansas, majority leader, suddenly called up the Blaine Resolution for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and working with a regularity and precision which implied well-arranged strategy previously agreed upon, stripped it of its provisions against the return of the saloon and passed it. The measure went to the House where Speaker Garner was awaiting its coming and on Monday, February 20th, it was put upon passage and was voted with a margin to spare. Within a few days the formal resolution was in the hands of the Secretary of State of every state in the Union.

Thus one phase of national prohibition comes to an end. Whether national prohibition itself is at an end is to be determined by the action of the states themselves. If a two-thirds majority vote for repeal, then for the first time in our national history an amendment is removed from our constitution and the manufacture, sale, transportation, exportation and importation of intoxicating liquor will be as legal as any other business, so far as the federal government is concerned.

A rally of dry strength defeated the attempt of Speaker Garner to railroad repeal through the House on the opening day of the present session. When the Blaine resolution was first reported in the Senate, Jouett Shouse, head of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, called upon all wet members to vote against it. Dry leaders had about concluded that no further attempt would be made at this session to pass the repeal resolution, but that a special session would be called by the President-Elect early in May to carry out his program in this respect. However, some powerful force intervened to bring the whole plan suddenly to life and to compel its passage by both houses of Congress in an incredibly short time. What the force was, of course, is not a matter of public knowledge. But inferences can be made. On his way east from Miami, Mr. Roosevelt had conferences with party leaders. Is it unlikely that he wanted the repeal resolution to be passed and handed down to the states before he assumed the presidency, so that his hands would be freed of this problem and the way cleared for other items in his programs? It is therefore probable that the Democratic majority in Congress were advised to accept the Blaine Resolution and strip it of its protection against the return of the saloon in order to get repeal down to the 43 state legislatures before many of them adjourn.

A Dry Waterloo?

All sincere opponents of alcohol, whether classified as "wet" or "dry," will deplore the fact that the repeal resolution offers no substitute for prohibition and proposes no advance. Conscientious supporters of national prohibition have been keenly conscious of the defects in observance and enforcement. Our severest critics in this respect have been the "wets." We had hoped that when power to change the law came into their hands they would have some constructive substitute to offer. Unfortunately, events prove they have nothing of the sort. All they can think of is to repeal the law and let events take care of themselves. Canada repealed prohibition, but each province enacted a system of government control. These systems have grave defects, but at least there was an effort made to meet the demands of the situation. Great Britain has been experimenting with a liquor control board Denmark, Sweden and Finland each have their systems of control. But our "wet" friends can propose nothing better than to legalize the manufacture and sale of liquor and let events take care of themselves.

Repeal may or may not be adopted by the necessary two-thirds of the states. The fact that 38 states are now controlled by the majority party, which evidently considers the legalization of liquor one of its major obligations, and the further fact that the legislatures of 43 states are to be in session this spring, makes the task of the dry forces much more difficult. It can be taken for granted that the full power of the national administration, in many states of the state administration as well, will be put behind the repeal resolution to secure its adoption by the states. The fact that many state legislatures will set up constitutional conventions to meet this spring will force the election of delegates to the conventions at a time when the dry forces are least prepared to meet the attack. Churches will be busy with their Easter evangelistic programs, and the intensity of the economic crisis will hinder the raising of the necessary funds to finance the campaigns. But the drys are waking up; organizations are being formed, tickets are being placed in the field and the battle will be fought to a finish.

Henry Ford—Banker

Mr. Ford's demand that Detroit banks seeking his support reorganize in harmony with his conception of banking will be hailed with satisfaction by persons who believe that Mr. Ford's ideas of fundamental honesty are sound, however much they may deplore his medieval social convictions. His insistence that the banks profiting from his investment of $8,250,000 cease speculative operations and make loans for productive purposes will be regarded as sound financing. His plan to divide deposits into two classes, those for safe-keeping and those left with the bank for loan purposes will also meet with general approval. Mr. Ford may help to demonstrate that fundamentally our economic illness is due to the subsidence of the level of moral character and integrity in our business life. When these are restored, then relative prosperity will return, and not before.

The Far East

After months of negotiation in an effort to find a solution of the Manchurian problem acceptable to Japan and at the same time maintain the integrity of the findings of the Lytton committee and the convictions of the Committee of Nineteen, the League of Nations finally adopted a report severely condemning Japan's action in the case, without, however, actually naming her as the aggressor, since under the League Covenant that action would make possible the invoking of sanctions against Japan. The Japanese militarists maintained an attitude of hostility to the League's efforts to the last and when the report was adopted, instructed the Japanese delegate to withdraw and proceed to Tokio. In the meantime the Japanese invasion of Jehol has begun and is being carried out with precision. The Chinese forces may win a small victory here and there in actual fighting, but they have neither the organization nor the munitions of war to win a major engagement. Rather, they must trust to more intangible factors to maintain their cause. Under the League report recognition of the puppet state of Manchukuo is prohibited, and whether specifically stated or not, the League's action is tantamount to officially naming Japan as an aggressor. Military expenditures are now said to consume the entire Japanese national income, with civil operations being carried on loans. Obviously this cannot go on long without affecting national credit. In the face of the implied condemnation of the League, foreign loans will be hard to obtain. With money as difficult to obtain as it is, Japanese militarists may find it impossible to finance their operations and may be compelled to withdraw. China is so vast a land that her army need only to retreat into the interior with the assurance that the further the Japanese follow them the more serious their situation will become. Meanwhile "Old General Credit" may do for China what "Old General January" once did for Russia.

Disciples and the Laymen's Report

By W. J. LHAMON*

THE book, *Re-Thinking Missions,* is receiving high praise and sharp, adverse criticism. It is a work that cannot be ignored. There are features of this *Re-Thinking* that should especially concern the Disciples of Christ and should cause them to hail it with enthusiasm. As a whole, though there are points of exception, this great work is a most notable present-day expression of Disciple attitudes.

Christian Union

Though too often forgotten or obscured, the question of Christian union has from the first been at the heart of the Disciple body of teaching and belief and hope. Thomas Campbell longed for the larger Christ and an encompassing fellowship. He began by throwing open his communion table to a body of believers other than his own. He published *The Declaration and Address* which in its totality is a plea for Christian union. Facing the sharp and even bitter sectarian conditions of his day, he said bravely and with deep insight, "The Church of Christ is essentially, intentionally and constitutionally one." By striking that apostolic note he struck a note for his age.

On page after page of *Re-Thinking Missions* there is the same plea for the larger Christ and an encompassing fellowship. Some illustrations might be cited. "The main direction indicated is away from sectarianism toward unity and cooperation, and away from a religion focused upon doctrine toward a religion focused upon the vital issues of life for the individual and for the social environment in which the individual lives." Under the caption, "Let there be an end to sectarianism," it says, "missionaries who are to go out in the future ought to leave all their sectarian baggage behind and go out to work for a unified Christianity and a universal Church. But much more than that is needed. We must discover some way by which the existing denominations at home can rise above their separate entities and cooperate in a world-wide expansion of Christianity as urgent and essential at home as it is abroad." In close connection with this we are told that "there are already some signs of growing unity. (But) it will need to become very much stronger before it can draw together all the one hundred or more missionary societies now engaged in carrying on Christian work in these countries (India, China and Japan). Some of them will never unite with others but there are tendencies and beginnings either of union or of cooperative fellowship in each one of the countries. . . . The beginnings of a United Church of China, of India, of Japan, has been made."

The authors consider it unfortunate that ". . . Denominational mission boards expected denominational churches to be built. The defects which appear in the missionary church can all be traced to weaknesses in the church at home." This they consider "the major scandal of Christianity."

Christ the Center

Another feature of the Re-Thinking of Missions that should be distinctly welcomed by the Disciples of Christ is its Christo-centric trend, and in logical connection with that its negative attitude toward the divisive doctrines of the various denominations. Thomas Campbell reasoned incisively that there could be no possibility of church union upon any one of the historic creeds. He proposed, therefore, a return to the original standard of Christianity, to what he conceived to be "the profession and practice of the primitive church." This led directly back to the Bible and to that central figure in the Bible—the person of Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God. By this line of consistent thought the Disciples became Christ-centered. This involved, as intimated above, a negative attitude toward the dogmatic creeds of the historic church, not at all necessarily a denial of them but simply a refusal of them—any one of them, or all of them, as a basis of Christian union.

This Christ-centered faith and thought of the Disciples has been to them a wonderful boon of freedom in the construction of their major theology and in the adaptation of their major teaching to the modern world. The thoughtful Disciple sees God as he is "manifested" in Christ.

And this is the attitude of the authors of *Re-Thinking Missions.* In the chapter entitled "Christianity; Its Message to the Orient," they say, "Christianity refers its conceptions of God, of man and of religion to the teachings and life of Jesus." Again, "For Christianity the truth that God is holy as well as loving implies that he is not capricious, or vengeful in his justice, or moved by desire to which men can minister except by inward fidelity and love. He is therefore not to be moved by gifts and sacrifices, or in need of conciliation; he can be worshiped only by pure and sincere hearts."

*Preacher, Teacher, Writer, Lecturer, Columbia, Missouri.

Melted Into Music

By IMOGENE MULLINS*

•

AT MERCERSBURG ACADEMY there is a bell which, with its mellow, rich tones, thrills all who listen. But there are some who hear in its music overtones that the casual listener never hears, for they know its story. That bell has been molded from fragments of metal brought from all parts of the world by the students of the academy. Steel, bronze, iron and even silver and gold have been fused together into a clear-toned bell. Bits of old metal have been melted into music!

To our land has come every race and color, every condition of society. In "The Melting Pot" of our institutions we are trying to cast them into the mold of the Christian American. They are now facing new conditions, new communities, new industries, new schools, new homes. The responsibility of the church in this process is to fashion these varying elements into a nation fulfilling the ideals of Jesus. We are trying to melt old metal into music!

The Disciples of Christ, through the United Christian Missionary Society, maintain work among the Negroes, the Japanese and the Mexicans, among the Indians, the French-Acadians, the European-Americans and the mountaineers. We aid struggling churches which have not yet been able entirely to carry their own burdens. We bind all together in the strong fellowship of Christian evangelism. The following tales, warm with human interest, are like the music of the bell, each bringing a message of Christian love.

Young Japanese-American

*Publicity Aide, U. C. M. S.

A Mexican Melody

Two millions of Mexicans in this land need our help. Let us see how we are helping.

One of our Mexican Boys

Our Mexican Christian Institute at San Antonio, Texas, is the only Christian institution in a district of over forty thousand Mexican people. The church is the only orthodox evangelical church. Through the clinic, the church and its organizations, the nursery and the clubs, over thirteen-and-a-half thousands of these Mexicans have been served this last year.

Because many of the people are too poor to pay car fare to come to the church services, a deacon and his wife have had their home built without partitions so that fellow-Christians can come there to worship. Surely we cannot deny these who so hunger for the bread of life.

A Mountain Ballad

His father dead, an eleven-year-old boy and his mother raised and harvested the season's crop in order that the boy might enter Hazel Green Academy. A keen student and an industrious worker, the boy managed, by building furniture and working on a farm, to complete his course. Then his loyal mother purchased a paper route for him in a college town, and he worked his way through the school.

Now he is taking a medical course. The way is hard, and they are often discouraged, but this courageous mother and her worthy son have faith that their ambition for him will be realized—to become a doctor and return to serve his own people in the mountains. To such as these our mountain schools at Hazel Green, Kentucky, and Livingston, Tennessee, are bringing the blessings and opportunities of a Christian education.

The Lay of the Evangelist

Never in the history of the church has there been such desperate need for the kindling of spiritual fires and evangelistic zeal as there is today. Since the days of Walter Scott and Barton W. Stone the Disciples of Christ have been evangelistic people. At the death of Alexander Campbell in 1866, we numbered 400,000. Today our membership is 1,707,859.

Evangelism was first promoted, at the request of the International Convention, by the American Christian Missionary Society. When that board merged with the United Christian Missionary Society, the program became a part of the life and work of the United Society.

Each year evangelistic conferences are conducted under the direction of the United Society. This year they were held in connection with the One-Day Conventions. The department of home missions has on its staff five evangelists and sixteen Negro evangelists. Last year these evangelists won 723 souls to Christ.

A Negro Folk Song

Before the race problem can be solved, we must study our own minds, uproot all prejudice, and seek to develop attitudes necessary to cooperation. The educated Christian Negro now has the opportunity to take the initiative, prove his worth, and win the respect of our land.

A young man from Southern Christian Institute went to work for a planter. The planter watched to see that "the college 'nigger' didn't get off any of his smart stuff." But within a short time the Negro, by his initiative and industry, won the admiration of his employer.

A few days later, J. B. Lehman, president of the institute, met the planter who immediately reached for his hand. "I want to congratulate you," he said. "I have come to the conclusion that you are doing this country more good than all the rest of us put together."

A Hymn From the North

What hero is greater than the patient, persistent home mission pastor who braves the drought in summer and the blizzard in winter so that he may carry the gospel and its ministry?

On an extremely cold night one of our pastors was preaching in a schoolhouse when a young man asked him to make an eighteen-mile trip that he and his sweetheart might be married. On a bobsled and in the face of a sleet storm, they made the trip. In the gaiety of the wedding the storm was soon forgotten.

By morning the wind had changed and the sleet abated. Another call had come, and the pastor started to make the four-mile trip by foot. The first two miles were through a creek bottom, the first half-mile sheltered. Then he struck snowdrifts waist deep, and for two hours struggled through them. At last he came to a house, a man opened the door, and he staggered in. A sprained ankle or exhaustion would have meant death. But death is often faced by these devoted heroes who labor to serve their people.

Baptism of a Louisiana Frenchman

A Carol of the European-Americans

Life is hard in a mining town and the people often submit to this hardness. With their resignation comes the feeling that life must remain hopeless.

For many years the Disciples of Christ have been conducting missionary activities among the European-Americans in the small mining towns of southern Pennsylvania. Children and mothers have eagerly responded to the clubs, the Sunday schools, the churches and the daily vacation Bible schools, but the fathers have been more hesitant.

About three years ago a mine boss started to one of the Sunday schools. After several weeks he made this startling observation: "I always felt that this Mission was a place for the women and children. The other men have thought likewise. But we're here to stay. We need what you have to give us." He has since been baptized, and is a zealous evangelist.

A French-Acadian Sonnet

It was at the village of the Three Pines, in southern Louisiana, that John Newman, an evangelist of the French-Acadians, first found Adrast Bell. At the little country store, Mr. Newman talked to an eager group of listeners. A few weeks later he returned and preached again to these cotton and rice farmers. A number accepted Christ, among them Adrast Bell and his wife.

Then, as Elisha followed Elijah, Adrast Bell followed John Newman. He has since studied and been ordained to the ministry. At great financial sacrifice, he has become pastor of the Mamou Church in the French field. Without promise of regular pay, he has the faith to venture in the cause of Christ.

Melted into music! All of these, together with west coast Japanese and Yakima Indians, are being harmonized into our national life through the gospel of Jesus Christ. The old metal of historic peoples is being fused into an instrument of melody through the consistent, year-by-year program of Home Missions. Some say that America is one of the neediest mission fields in the world. If so, we are doing our bit to carry the Word of Life to even these frontiers.

Our Rural Churches

(*Continued from page* 6.)

county board and part by the local field served, the specific amount in each case being usually determined in advance. A time schedule is made for each visitation during the year and also for special evangelistic meetings. This plan, with modifications and with more or less success, obtains quite generally in the Middle West.

Ofttimes in connection with monthly business meetings preaching services are held. There is danger of going on the rocks from monotony and dry rot. Much depends upon the personality of the county president and the time and energy he gives to the plan.

d) The County-Wide Parish of the County-Seat Church.

In this case, a strong church at the county-seat center comes to comprehend its natural relationship and consequent obligation to the whole political unit known as the county. This county unit is prevalent in all America. Business, education, government, politics, the professional and social life—all radiate from the county-seat town throughout the county. The church should follow this natural and universal trend. Especially is this true in this modern era of automobiles and highways. The county-seat pastor and church, by cultivating the acquaintances and fellowship of the rural and village churches in the county, multiplies its strength and influence. By providing leadership and help these small churches are apt, alive and active in that community. A decadent church in a village is a reproach to a strong county-seat church.

e) The Larger Parish Plan.

This plan is not standardized in name or method. The word "larger" rightly describes it as a parish unlike the ordinary one, which consists of merely one center, church and neighborhood. The description of this plan is taken largely from a pamphlet by Malcolm Dana, D.D., director of Town and Country Department of the Congregational Church Extension Board, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, which sells for 25 cents. All interested persons should secure a copy.

The Larger Parish is a rural parish in which cooperative service is being rendered by two or more churches of the same or different denominations. Such an organization of church work is necessitated by a situation where a single church cannot provide an adequate service over the area for which it is justly responsible. By joining forces with neighboring churches, they can do together what none of them can do alone. The cooperating churches of a Larger Parish assume responsibility for a program of religious work which will serve the many sides of community life.

The churches of a country section which are naturally thrown together by topography or by trade relationships are formed into a cooperative association by means of which the whole life of the section is served. Resources in leadership and finances are pooled. A Larger Parish Council, composed of elected representatives from each of the neighborhoods, formulates a program, agrees upon a common budget and becomes the executive agency.

Specialists in modern church leadership are employed to develop their fields of activity in each of the parishes as well as in the big events at the center. The Larger Parish engenders the spiritual unity for which Christ prayed. It manifests a new sense of power in the thought and life of a united people.

Instead of two or three churches on a circuit with an untrained pastor struggling alone, the plan seeks to group several churches under a combined ministry that will be trained to meet the varying needs of all the people in a given territory. A minimum of leadership would be: first, a supervising preacher-pastor who will be responsible for the general program; second, a man who in addition to preaching will care for the young men's and boys' work for the entire field; third, a woman who will have charge of the program of religious education, together with the girls' and children's work. Such a group working together can render service to a larger number of people with a broader program, eliminating duplication, and providing vital elements of a Christian program which are frequently omitted under the present system.

Loan Library

The Home Department has established a Loan Library for Rural Churches. The following books are listed:

The Country Church for Our Generation, by Edwin E. Sundt. The Revell Company.

Our Templed Hills, by Ralph Felton.

Churches of Distinction in Town and Country, by Edmond de S. Brunner. Doran Company.

Diagnosing the Rural Church, by C. Luther Fry. Doran Company.

The Church and Country Life, by Paul L. Vogt. M. E. M.

Village Communities, by Edmond de S. Brunner. Doran Company.

American Villagers, by C. Luther Fry. Doran Company.

The Town and Country Church in the United States, by H. N. Morse, and Edmond de S. Brunner. Doran Company.

Any of these books will be loaned for two weeks for postage both ways.

Address: 222 Downey Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.

The Easter Parade

(*Continued from page* 8.)

didn't even hear the strains of the organ as it started.

"The service is beginning—" It was John Pendleton who spoke. "Is this a customary social event?"

"Just some boys who are our guests tonight," Rob answered. He signaled to the older man to pause. Boys—even homeless boys—had pride.

The children weren't listening. Eyes were crafty again. Fear was lining their faces.

"Come on, gang. No room to park here," the spokesman said.

Only the little timid boy remained.

His eyes seemed to say that he had found sanctuary and he was afraid to leave. But he was putting on his cap. In a minute the dream would be ended.

"Thanks a lot," little Billie said to Rob. "That stuff hit the spot. So long!"

Rob remembered. Ten lepers were healed one day on an Eastern highway. Only one had remained to thank the Great Physician. Now a dozen boys had been fed, but just this little one had voiced his gratitude.

YOU'VE upset the church service," the older man's harsh voice was saying. "The serenity of the evening is gone. We've been hearing the voices of these beggars for at least ten minutes! Ever since the people began to come, in fact. Your place is in the pulpit."

"I'm going up at once. Come back again, Billie!"

All the way up the stairs the minister told himself that he was through. He had given food of the rich to the hungry. They didn't like it. Christ would have shared. He would tell them and then resign.

Easter Sunday . . . and candles and lilies marching in a solemn white parade . . .

His mind was running on. He knew why he had been hired. He was young! It was the fashionable thing to have youth on parade. Young college presidents. Young ministers. He wondered if people paused to reason why this was true. He thought at first that it was because those in authority wanted youth's vibrancy and visions. Now he wondered if it was not because they wanted plastic clay that could be modeled their way. He knew that was what Mr. Pendleton had desired. For the moment he forgot Eleanor.

The organist had finished. The offertory was beginning and the music changed as the ushers came forward. The carved collection plates were brought to the front of the church for a prayer. The young minister raised his hand for deeper silence as he stood in the pulpit. Then his eyes opened strangely. On top of the bills and shining silver on one plate he saw a green Easter egg.

Billie's egg! So the little boy had made the supreme gift. Once upon a time a widow had dropped two tiny coins into a Temple treasury. Now homeless Billie had given his precious Easter egg.

WHEN the minister began to preach he did not look at his notes. They were to him a symbol of the religion that dwells in the tombs of the dead. His ringing challenge was for an Easter faith—a risen, living thing that can only be found when we have emptied ourselves for those who need it most. He told of the twelve hungry boys and of the vagabond army of youth homeless in this Christian land. He talked of present-day Publicans and Pharisees and of the churches which must decide whether they will have the spirit of one or the other. Then he held up Billie's gay green egg. In simple language he concluded by rehearsing the story of the widow at the Temple treasury and of the hungry boy who gave his most prized possession as examples of triumphant Easter faith—a faith that lives eternally.

Then, as calmly as though he were making a routine announcement, he gave his resignation and nodded to the organist to begin the closing hymn.

A voice broke the silence.

"Resign?" (It was one of the leading elders.) "Nothing of the kind! We want you to stay with us. Why didn't you preach to us like that before? We are hungry too. We hope you will reconsider."

The service ended. Rob was dazed. He had been afraid before and the gates had seemed fast closed. But now it was Easter night, the stone was rolled away, and new hopes and plans and gladness were at hand.

Eleanor Pendleton came hurrying down the aisle.

"Oh, you were splendid, splendid!" she breathed. "We're taking Billie home until we find him a place to live for always. Why didn't you talk that way before? I knew you could do it—that you had it in you to fight for things!"

"Oh, that's why . . .?" he began wonderingly.

"Yes, that's why the young people all worked to get you here. We believed in your courage. But you—oh, forgive me, but it's true . . ."

"You needn't say it," he told her. "I was afraid. Your father and some others had me bluffed. But not any more. I'll fight them now, if necessary. Billie opened my eyes—with an Easter egg."

"You'll find your battles easier than you think—if you keep your Easter faith," answered Eleanor. "Good-bye. Our meeting's beginning downstairs." Then she was gone.

Rob lingered in the now deserted auditorium.

Through the dim light he looked to the front of the church. It seemed an answer to his new-born faith that even in the shadows the triumphant whiteness of the Easter lilies could still be seen.

A Missionary Re-Thinks Himself

By GEORGE E. MILLER*

RECENTLY Memory, like a pensive Ruth, went gleaning along the way my life has taken, and found the grain still golden and the fields wide and fair. Coming back, my basket contains more than enough for one, so I invite you to share. These experiences touch so many lives that, after all, the oft-used *I* in this narrative has very little of *me*, and very much of *you*.

Looking back, I clearly see that the first person to fill my life was a devoted aunt who saved me from a Gorgon stepmother and perhaps from a children's home, and brought me up righteously, but not pietistically; who was faithful to her church duties without too much talk about it; and who permitted me to play ball and marbles on Sunday afternoons. I have her to thank for my freedom from too many stifling inhibitions, and for my simple approach to religion.

Again, I see the stalwarts of my early manhood, A. McLean and F. M. Rains, thundering missions from our church pulpits, talking missions in the homes, writing missions for our religious press. These men knew missions and believed in missions. I am glad their lives touched mine. I have tried to make my zeal and industry, if not my knowledge, somewhat match theirs. They were *re-thinking* missions all the time.

All the way across the seas to India twenty-six years ago, I was dreading to meet the missionaries! I could not make myself feel like one, and was quite sure that I would be the only black sheep in the bunch, and that they would soon find me out. One of the most delightful surprises of my life was to discover that, with few exceptions, missionaries are delightfully human, with the most reassuring foibles and shortcomings; able to play; sometimes quarreling and making up again, yet loyal through it all, and filled with high resolve and great purpose.

The ability of most of our missionaries to argue a question without personal animus greatly impressed, as I remember, the few nationals who had reached the place of higher counsel in our mission work. They would listen open-mouthed to the hot debates and altercations on the convention floor, expecting it all to end in blows; and then they would see these same men walking arm in arm to the dining hall, laughing and cracking jokes all the way. I would not presume to say that we *never* have any strained relationships. Considering the dominant type of missionary personnel and the trying circumstances that rub one to the raw, it is amazing that we still remain like a big family. We may raise our own rough house occasionally, but let some outside force threaten that house, and we are ready to stand or fall together.

Another thing that stands out clearly in my *re-thinking* is the great change that has come over India. She has changed materially. Products of the West invade her marts. Twenty-six years ago my old-fashioned bicycle was a thing of wonder, and people flocked to see the white man do the impossible juggle ride. Today the bicycle is found in every town and hamlet. It, indeed, has conquered India. The automobile, too, is seen on every hand, along with many other things of this satanic mechanistic age against which Gandhi sets his face so resolutely.

To mention Gandhi is to call up all the mental and spiritual changes, too, through which the country is passing. He is not alone the cause of an India in the re-making, but he symbolizes it. The idea of nationalism and a growing belief in the worth of the Indian citizen are acting as a leaven of re-creation; and we who labor in India have new problems and difficult situations created almost overnight, and we must work out the proper approaches which these things demand.

In fact, the mission field is the last place on earth for mental and spiritual paralysis. Life there is a constant boxing match, of punches and uppercuts, clinching and boring in, now in the ropes and now out again, sometimes gayly victorious, and sometimes on the mat for a partial count. If *re-thinking missions* does anything for me, it will remind me that the match is still on, and that I may need to learn some new tricks.

Shortly after my arrival in India years ago, I saw a great demonstration in *re-thinking* when our C. W. B. M. and F. C. M. S. forces united their work. This was a difficult task for those who had worked for years under the separate societies, and fierce

*Missionary to Damoh, C. P., India, under the U. C. M. S., a gifted poet, a wise physician and a gracious Christian gentleman.

and warm were the debates during the process; but, once accomplished, the past was left behind and we turned our new machine toward the new day. Our mission has ever been able to scrap the old and work the new whenever it has been fully determined that this was the right thing to do. I believe if new circumstances should again demand a new machine, we shall be able to make and use it.

In proof of this, I may recite the India Mission Survey, launched in 1924. This was led by our Napoleon of policy and finance, W. B. Alexander, ably abetted by our senior national, M. J. Shah. This survey "re-thought" the problem of our field and forces, and made proposals for consolidating our lines and strengthening our front. The chief aim of the survey, i.e., the more intensive working of promising areas, has not been accomplished because of the financial crisis now upon us.

The finest fruit of the survey will come from the fact that machinery was set in motion for giving the nationals an increasing share in mission polity and programme. The Joint Council was organized, composed of both Indians and missionaries on a fifty-fifty basis of representation. All plans and proposals for direct evangelism must pass through this council before they may be sanctioned. There are also Indian members on our departmental committees.

Not only in council matters have our nationals achieved, but in the field of actual service as well. As I look back, I recall a place, just a spot in the road, and fields near by covered with brown jungle grass. I have wheeled over this spot, some twelve miles from Mungeli, many a time, and never gave it second thought; but now, one cannot think of our missions in India without being challenged by this spot, for it is now known as Fosterpur, a wide-awake Christian community of one hundred and eighty-four, with one hundred and twenty baptized members.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Shah were put in charge of this Fosterpur Circle in its beginning, and their guiding hands have made of this spot in the road what it is today, a Christian community mainly made up of village converts, that has constructed its own humble mud church building, and, above regular church contributions, made a special Christmas offering this year of over $80.

Out ten miles from Jubbulpore is Barela, where mission history is being made. Missionaries have come and gone there, and have builded well, making a field ready for a young consecrated Indian to show what the right type of national can really do among his own people. George Hamilton Singh came to America a few years ago for higher education. This Christian gentleman, violating every instinct which India had planted in him, did manual labor to work his way through college, and asked aid of none.

Willing to do "anything" upon his return to India, he was put in charge of Barela, and is there "turning the world upside down." A new church and community house combined stands as one of the results of his efforts, though everyone had said, "It can't be done." He was chairman of our Annual Convention in Jubbulpore this year, the first national to grace the chair. Indians, from the humblest Gonds to intelligent Hindu leaders, come to him to visit and talk of God.

And there are others, but this is enough to give you a glimpse of the dawn of a new day. What a pleasure it is to *re-think* missions as I am *re-thinking* now, recalling my comrades of the road, and the things we have done and said! What a privilege to have labored and to have wrought through love and sympathy! With these, the missionary may do most anything he will. Without them, he is tied hand and foot. My efficiency has increased as love increased, forcing out the idea of Nordic supremacy, the worst drag the missionary can have. Once Hira Lal said to me, "Dr. Miller is not a foreigner. He is absolutely one of us." I ask no greater tribute.

Very early in my career I learned how and how not to preach. My first bazaar talk in India was kindly and helpful, urging the building of a better India, with a quiet narration of how Christ had helped me. Not a hearer left. The next time I opened up with a heavy fire against their idols. Very few stayed. I had learned my lesson. I had learned that we must present Christ in a way that attracts rather than repels.

I value most highly the sympathetic fellowship of Indians, particularly in times of trouble. One of these was a simple Mohammedan merchant, Latif Khan, who loved our little Lloyd, and used to come to the bungalow to play with him. When the dark shadows came and Lloyd was laid to rest beside the grave of G. L. Wharton, Latif Khan was one of the first to come and offer his sympathy after Mrs. Miller and I had returned from Calcutta. "How I loved the lad!" he said. He, a son of the Prophet, condoled with me, a Christian. I am sure he could not have respected me had I left out Christ.

"Be ye my witnesses." I went to India thinking my supreme task to be the proclaiming of Christ in whatever way might seem best, and believing that he is the supreme need of mankind. I still believe it; and I am eager to get back to the land of my spiritual adoption.

Christmas On Mission Fields

A Time of Consecration in China

ON CHRISTMAS afternoon we brought the children from our three neighborhood Sunday schools all together in the Community House. They were packed in, about six hundred of them. About fifty of our young people who are their teachers were there helping to look after them, and I do not know whether you would have been more interested in watching the happy, eager faces of the children or the loving excitement of the teachers. With the exception of two or three numbers their program this year was given entirely by the children, which was not an easy task, but the teachers had been working on it for weeks. They sang and took their parts better, I think, than they ever have before. How their eyes do shine at the close when they see the huge baskets of treat. Although each package is tiny, with one little orange, a bun, some peanuts and candy, they do look lovely when they all get together, and the children act as though it were a million-dollar present. The teachers had met a couple of days before and had great fun wrapping the treat in old newspaper, with a red paper band around each one. So they looked quite festive. Six hundred kiddies were made happy with Christmas love. This year the larger part of the money for the treat was given by the church where my brother preaches in Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

But these are not all the children we have, though they seem the ones to whom one most longs to bring a bit of Christmas cheer. We have more than five hundred boys and girls in our day school. They had a lovely program of their own, and a treat furnished by the school. But the best part of all was that they helped to prepare and furnish the programs for almost all the other Christmas activities, and they love it more than anything else in the whole year.

For our young people this was by far the richest Christmas that we have ever had since I came to South Gate. It has marked a depth of experience in Christ for them, also closely connected up with and followed by our young people's "New Year's Resolution" service, when sixty-one young people met in our home. I believe I am quite truthful in saying that I have never felt the Spirit of Christ as distinctly present, filling the whole group, as on that evening. Do pray for our young people.

As we all know the older people also love Christmas. Everyone remarked that our main program for the community was listened to much more attentively this year than ever before. We hope it may mean much, and bear fruit in their lives.

Our Christmas morning church service was beautiful, and most impressive. The church was decorated in the Chinese way for a very important birthday celebration. Had you been present at Miss Kelly's or Miss Lyon's sixtieth birthday celebration you would know just how festive that can be. We had huge red silk banners hung on the walls, with gold letters on them expressing different things about the meaning of Christmas. The banners were borrowed from various birthday celebrations, but the characters were the gifts of the various departments of our work. Then we had huge red light birthday shades. The church was crowded for the service.

EDNA W. GISH.

South Gate,
Nanking, China.

Watch-Night Service at Christian Girls' School

THE Christmas programs at our Chung Hwa Girls' School here in Nanking were many and varied this year. On the evening of December 23, the girls of the middle school gave a pageant on "The Meaning of the Cross," and followed it immediately by a beautiful candlelight service and chorus of twelve girls dressed as angels, who brought the Christmas message in Scripture and in songs. The whole evening's service was very impressive and greatly appreciated by the large and reverent audience. The students elaborately decorated all the classrooms for Christmas and the audience enjoyed judging each room for its peculiar beauty of decoration.

On Christmas Eve there were seventy-four girls in the school who gathered in the Home Economics Building and spent the whole night together around the grate fire in most joyous fellowship, beginning at ten o'clock. The majority stayed until six o'clock in the morning. There were games and informal stunts and plays, and the fun of the grab-bag exchange of ten-cent gifts, frequent light refreshments and, best of all, was the time of meditation and joyous praise. We did not forget that the purpose of our night-watch together was to welcome the birth of the Christ Child in our hearts.

At two o'clock, each with a lighted candle in hand, we started out caroling, even though it was cold and drizzling. It was inspiring to be a part of our large chorus of light and song, echoing the joyous Christmas message of the angels to all the neighbors. As we returned to the school we were joined by carolers from the University of Nanking Middle School and from the University and hot refreshments were served.

A Christmas program was also provided for the children of the People's Free School which is conducted as a social service project by the students of Chung Hwa. On Christmas afternoon the primary students of the school gave a program and collected $50 and clothing for the poor, while the girls of the Middle School collected a worthy sum and brought rice, joining with the Christian Students' Union of the city in the distribution to the needy.

CAMMIE GRAY.

Nanking, China.

A "Thanksgiving" Time in India

THE day after Christmas was "Thanksgiving Day" at Fosterpur and we all went out for service and for the dinner. The headmen from all the surrounding villages had been invited and a number of them came. We had a nice service, as we always do out there, and then had the "giving."

First came the Shah family, and of course everybody was pleased to see the new daughter-in-law (Lalit's wife). She is such a dear girl and entered into everything, although it was all new to her. The co-workers gave well, although not quite as much as usual. When I asked about it, Mr. Shah said it was because they had all given their whole tithe into the church this year and this was over and above that. As enthusiasm mounted the non-Christians caught the spirit and the headman of the villages made gifts of grain or money. Everybody gave something and most of them very generously. The children in the village schools had been saving for this and they too brought offerings. Torer, who was at one time the head of a gang of thieves, made an offering.

JENNIE V. FLEMING.

Mungeli, India.

Mexican Pastors and Christmas

THE Christmas program was greatly blessed, thirty-five people made the confession of faith in Christ the night of the twenty-fifth, one the night of the twenty-seventh and three the night of the twenty-eighth. The program was full of interest, it was given in an abandoned Catholic Church, and there was an attendance of 265 people.

MARCELINO MEDINA.

IN JEREZ we had a very attractive little Christmas program, which the children of the Sunday school prepared. The little church was almost bursting, the people were even congregated in the streets in front, in spite of the cold. At the close of the service, we had the pleasure of speaking to those present about what Christmas means to Christians.

Monday we celebrated another similar program, in the Ranch of Nogales where we are to have our convention. The brethren from five different ranches attended, and a large number of people whom we did not know. We had confessions of faith, praise and prayer. In this manner, we ushered in the next day, having passed all the night watching. Can you picture this large congregation of people, returning to their different ranches, at 6:00 A.M. on burro, horseback and afoot? To me it seemed like one of those primitive congregations where the apostle Paul preached all night.

SAMUEL HOCHA.

A Day in My Chinese Pastor's Home

By VERNA WAUGH GARRETT*

MRS. CHIEN, our Chinese pastor's wife, invited me to spend the day with her yesterday, so about ten o'clock in the morning I got into my ricksha and set off. At that hour the streets are always crowded with country people who stand in front of the shops where they sell the cloth which they have woven on hand looms in their homes. Marketing is busiest at this time, too, so there was a hubbub of shouting and bickering. To make the atmosphere of the hot spring day a little thicker there was the odor of more or less fresh fish, food frying in deep fat, and other smells better left unmentioned. By dint of pushing and shouting, the ricksha puller made a way through, and we eventually arrived at the door of the Chien home.

Opening the two leaves of the thick wooden door set in a high brick wall, I found myself in a paved courtyard facing a tiled cottage. The center front of the cottage was formed entirely of lattice-work doors, now all standing open. On either side was a room jutting out the width of a narrow door beyond the center room, and each had a small picturesque casement window which gave on the court and was now thrown open to the south breeze. The right side of the courtyard was formed by the kitchen and fuel house. By the kitchen door stood a hugh brown earthenware jar quite large enough for one of Ali Baba's robbers. High out of reach of the big black cat a strip of salt pork and a dried fish hung on the kitchen wall. On the left side grew flowers and shrubs, spirea white with bloom, red snapdragon, blue iris, the irrepressible little English daisy, and of course heavenly bamboo. Set in their midst were some wooden beehives. Mr. Chien came in from the room on the right. He is small, not very strong, with the slight stoop of a scholar, but in spite of his frail health works long, hard hours. After we had observed the formalities of greeting I said,

"I see you are now a bee keeper."

"Yes," he answered, "I have followed Dr. Macklin's example; he was fond of bees, and so am I."

"Have you ever taken any honey from them?"

"No, not yet. In fact, I have had to feed them in the winter. I suppose there are not enough nectar-bearing flowers."

And in that little brick-paved courtyard again I thought with homesickness of fields of red clover; of the sweetness of crab apples in blossom.

"The sun will be very hot for them here this summer," he went on. "I wonder if you would allow me to put these hives under the trees in your yard."

Mr. Chien and his son, Wen Dji, in their courtyard

"Indeed, yes. Bring them right out. They will be near the neighbors' fields, too."

He seemed quite happy over this plan.

We went back into the cottage, this time to Mr. Chien's study. Just under the casement opening onto the court was his desk reflecting in its polished surface a very ancient and curiously carved piece of white jade, a jar of brush pens, the black stone slab on which the ink-stick is rubbed in water, a few books, all very neat and tidy. Mrs. Chien followed us with tea and our *dien sing* (as they call the watermelon seed, raisins and peanuts), and we sipped, nibbled and talked.

It was an interesting room in comparison with the usual home. The walls were closely covered with framed or mounted photographs, some of them enlarged from kodak pictures which Mr. Chien had taken, and which showed unusual skill and artistic sense. A bookcase was well filled with books, and a small glass cabinet held curios that would have delighted a connoisseur's heart; he told me that some of the pieces were two thousand years old. Reminded by the curio cabinet I remarked,

"I understand that you have organized an Artists' Club in the city."

"Yes," he replied, "We have about twenty members. They are quite enthusiastic about the new library building, especially the roof garden. We had our meeting up there the other evening and the view over the roofs of the city by moonlight delighted them."

"Are you planning another Art Exhibit such as we held last year?"

"Yes. Now that we have the new building it ought to be an even greater success."

"Well, what with the Community Welfare Association campaign for new members; the meetings of the Artists' Club; the Art Exhibit; the regular library work; besides the pastoral work you do, you are surely busy."

"O no," and added the polite phrase used by all Chinese, no matter how busy, "I have nothing to do."

Before we realized it noontime had come and with it came Wen Dji from school. He is a handsome child of eight, unusually appealing and attractive. At the door he stopped when he saw me, bent quite over in a bow, then ran to his father, eager to tell him something. I was unable to follow his rushing Chinese, so contented myself with watching the charming comradeship which existed between father and son. There was no impatience or condescension in Mr. Chien's attitude, and no fear or lack of confidence on the part of Wen Dji; they seemed the best and most understanding of friends.

Mrs. Chien in the meantime had put dinner on the table in the dining room and now called us to the noon meal. In the center of the table were five bowls of different kinds of food, and before each of us a bowl of rice and a pair of chopsticks. Mr. Chien gave thanks, and then we all fell to with vigor. Chinese food is about the best in all the world.

"Wen Dji," I asked, "how old are you?" His name, by the way, means "Enlightened Government."

"Nine years old," with obvious pride.

"If you were an American little boy you would be eight," said I.

"Our way of counting is best," he countered, his eyes twinkling.

"Well," I admitted, "it does get you along a little faster."

After dinner he took me to a corner of the room and showed me his desk, low enough for his little chair, and on the wall over it were some of his drawings, quite well done. His books were piled in order.

"He studies his lessons here every day," his mother told me, proudly. Wen Dji does not know that he is an adopted child. The Chiens long ago lost the only baby they ever had and were heartbroken over it. After a few years a relative gave them Wen Dji when he was very small. The custom of giving a surplus son to a relative who has no son is common in China. Doubtless he is being brought up under more fortunate circumstances than would have been possible in his own home.

After a cup of tea in the study, Mr. Chien mounted his bicycle and left for his office in the church plant on South Gate Street, and Wen Dji went back to school. When the room was again in order, the chairs all against the wall and the dining table pushed against the shelf, we were ready for a meeting specially arranged for the afternoon. We put up a large colored print of the Prodigal Son returning to his Father, and on the table laid a package of tracts printed on red paper.

Soon the women of the neighborhood be-

*Mrs. Frank Garrett, retired missionary from China.

gan to come in, several children among them. We gave each one a cup of tea and a plate of *dien sing*. I sat down by Mrs. Sung who had had an operation on her tubercular spine.

"Isn't it nice," I asked, "to be home again after so many months in the hospital?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "but I liked being in the hospital. I learned to read there, and they were kind to me. I am quite well now."

"Mrs. Chien used to be worried about you when you were suffering with your back and doing so much work."

"She took me to the hospital. I was afraid and thought I couldn't leave the children; but she convinced me it was better to leave them for a few months than to leave them forever. If it hadn't been for her friendship and help—" her voice broke. After a moment she added, "I believe in her religion."

Mrs. Chien is an excellent story-teller, and presented the Prodigal Son realistically. She is happy when "preaching the doctrine," and likes to gather her neighbors into her home and urge them to believe in Jesus' way of life. We ended by singing a short prayer which they memorized after considerable effort, and then went away promising to come back when there was another meeting.

Mrs. Chien of Nantungchow

Mrs. Chien," I said, "you have a wonderful gift for story-telling. And it is lovely of you to take that noisy bunch of children off the street and tell them stories during communion hour on Sunday morning. It is ever so much quieter in the church now since they are not playing about."

"You flatter me," she said. "I am glad to do it. Mr. Chien brings me books of good stories from the library at the church, and that is a great help to me."

It was getting late; my ricksha had come for me and it was time to go. As we made our way through the streets, the strength and righteousness, the quiet orderliness and the peace of that Christian home, a shining light in a dark, unhappy land, became a grateful and lasting memory.

Thanksgiving Service, Pendra Road

WHAT shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" was the question that the members of the church in Pendra Road asked themselves last Sunday when they observed their Thanksgiving service. And like David of old they seemed to have answered in no uncertain sound, "I will take the cup of salvation and call on the name of the Lord."

I do not think that I have ever seen more heroic giving than last Sunday here in our church. Most of our wage earners engaged in masonry and carpentry work, with the day laborers and others, have had a very bare year of it in work. Most of them have only had four months' work out of the year and the best carpenters earning only twenty-five cents a day and likewise the best of masons, while day laborers could only get six and eight cents a day. When it was suggested that they might give up Thanksgiving this year, they immediately thundered out "Certainly not" and I supported them in it for the very tonic that folks need in such a year as we have passed through, is a thanksgiving service that draws us near to the heart of God, in such a way that we pour out our gifts to him "whose we are and whom we serve." Our village farmers have been hard hit regarding prices for their grains and it has been impossible for them to make a cent on their rice grain because of its price being so low. But when once we decided that there would be a Thanksgiving service this year, there was not a murmuring sound to be heard. The prayerful preparation made for the service could not but help bring forth results even beyond expectation.

The church being too small to hold the crowds, preparations were made in the church yard to plan for an outdoor service. What a glorious setting was given to the rostrum of this outdoor tabernacle. Banana trees had been cut with their fruit clinging to the branches and with their broad overhanging leaves formed a beauti ful gateway onto the rostrum and with the appropriate text, "Enter ye into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise." There on the rostrum were pots of chrysanthemums of yellow, white and purple brought from Mrs. Menzies' collection, and with these, marigolds and poinsettias, which if the flowers had been in an American or European market would have been sold for a very large sum. The fragrance from the roses of the Menzies garden set the air of the outdoor singing with praise. It was a sight I am sure the angels of God must have looked upon with adoration .

Piled up in front were pumpkins, cauliflowers, radishes, measuring eighteen inches long, and turnips, tubers and artichokes, etc.

There are days and moments in the life of a congregation that will never be forgotten in the lifetime of some members and I feel certain that last Sunday was one of them here. When the hour arrived for the offering to be made they individually marched up to the table at the rostrum and laid on it a gift of money, and some a gift of eggs and from the baskets carried on their shoulders and heads they deposited the grain they had brought from their harvest fields. To see men, women and children pass by the front and make their offering was a sight that would gladden the heart of anyone who had a spot of appreciation left within him. I know of an old couple that day who went forward and gave like the widow of Jesus' day all they had, which was four cents, into the treasury of the Lord. There were others also in the congregation who reached this point in their thanksgiving to God and it was done without a murmur. There was not a man, woman or child in that audience that afternoon who did not make an offering unto the Lord in thanksgiving. When the offering was counted Sunday evening, to the surprise of everybody, there were given twenty large bags of grain, each bag weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. Then there was given in cash offering $118 and this will reach $125 before the end of the week. Knowing as I do the condition of the church economically, I tell you this was heroic giving, for it exceeded our Thanksgiving offering in other and better years. None I know shall be the poorer for having made that Thanksgiving offering unto the Lord, even in this year of depression and scarcity. What better spiritual tonic could any church have in years of depression than a Thanksgiving service which calls for a self-denial offering unto the Lord?

WALTER G. MENZIES.

Pendra Road, India.

From Tennoji Church

FOUR men and one woman were baptized during December at Tennoji Christian Church, Osaka, Japan. The woman was Mrs. Takahashi, a leader in the Mothers' Club of Tennoji Kindergarten.

Mrs. Inoe, baptized in Tennoji Church in May, 1931, soon removed to a small town 600 miles away. She placed her membership in the only church in the town, Anglican, the first Sunday she was there, then offered her home for a meeting place for neighborhood children, and in three months one hundred children were in regular attendance, being taught by the woman evangelist. Within a year her cousin became a Christian, and last month her husband and son also were baptized.

New Quarters for Colegio Ward

By

S. S. McWILLIAMS*

Dr. W. E. Browning presiding at the cornerstone laying ceremony of Colegio Ward

NOVEMBER 20 was an important day in the history of Colegio Ward, Buenos Aires, for on that day the corner stone of Oldham Hall was placed. In spite of the fact that the construction was well advanced, a place was made for it to be inserted. An Argentinian who was present remarked that it was better to lay the corner stone when the buildings were nearing completion than to lay it at the proper time and never complete the building.

The ceremony was held under a large oak tree near Oldham Hall, where an adequate platform had been constructed. Distinguished people present included the American Ambassador, the Minister of Justice and Education of the Argentine Republic, the Rector of the University of Buenos Aires, the Mayor of the Municipality in which the school is located, and Dr. Ernesto Nelson, a prominent Argentine educator who represented the Argentine-North American Cultural Institute.

The ceremony was not long, occupying about an hour, but it was very impressive and inspiring. Dr. Browning, president of the Board of Managers, presided. Dr. Aden, director of the school, was in charge of placing the various things in the corner stone, and Bishop Gattinoni of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in charge of the religious part. Among the articles placed in the corner stone were a program of the day signed by the distinguished visitors and placed by the Minister of Justice and Education; another program bearing the names of the first two graduates to receive their "bachillerato" from the Colegio Nacional department; front pages of the various daily newspapers of the day; copies of the school papers; a school catalog; a picture of the Board of Managers; a list of all the graduates during the history of the school; a New Testament; the old whistle used over a period of years to call the boys to their classes but no longer necessary with the new régime and its system of electric clocks and bells; and a little boy from the primary department, before the box was sealed, dropped into it a marble, symbolic of the play life of the little children. This was one of the most impressive moments of the entire ceremony, as Dr. Aden stood with his arm around this bright little boy and read an article from the school paper, "What is a youngster?" ending with the thought that he is the one in whose hands are the reputation and future of the race.

IN ADDITION to the cornerstone ceremony, two other numbers on the program were most impressive. One was the presentation of a bronze reproduction of the school seal which was recently adopted. This was presented by the president of the secondary students' organization in the name of the student body and will be placed over the main entrance to Oldham Hall. Dr. Dezeo, Director Técnico, received this gift in the name of the school and interpreted its meaning. In addition to its beautiful symbols, it bears in Latin the inscriptions "Christian Culture" and "World Peace." The other number was the unveiling of two marble plaques by the American Ambassador.

On one is a quotation from Domingo Sarmiento, the great Argentine educator and president, and on the other a quotation from Horace Mann, the great American educator. These men were contemporaries and when Sarmiento visited the United States they became close friends. And later, when Sarmiento wished to better primary instruction in Argentina, he brought back from the United States not only his new theories but also a number of women teachers, that he might put into practice the new education he had been studying. And the occasion of the cornerstone laying was honored by the presence of one of these teachers—Miss Jennie Howard, now in her eighties, who fifty years ago came to Argentina to help with its education. These marble plaques will be placed on the front wings of Oldham Hall, the one bearing Sarmiento's quotation at the right, the one bearing that of Horace Mann at the left.

On the evening of November 25 the closing exercises were held at the Goyena Theater. Every seat was taken and many had to stand, there being over six hundred people present. A departure was made from the traditional program which in former years had centered about a commencement speaker. This year, on account of the elaborate cornerstone program only a few days before, with the Ambassador and other distinguished guests present, it was decided to center the program around numbers prepared by the students themselves. And it was found that the parents and friends of the school had more interest in this kind of a program than in the other. The representative of the graduates spoke well in regard to what the school had meant to him and its outstanding ideals. One of the best numbers was the series of human pyramids put on by a group of the boarding students under the direction of the physical director. The graduates this year include five from the Colegio Nacional, four from the Commercial, and seven from the American High School.

It is interesting to note that all the regular students in the Spanish primary department passed their examinations, and that the work done by the commercial department and the Colegio Nacional this year has been exceptionally satisfactory.

WITH the closing of the activities of the year 1932, an epoch in the history of Colegio Ward comes to a close, as during the summer vacation the Spanish departments of the school will be moved to the new property at Ramos Mejía, the American grammar and high school occupying the Rivadavia property. The new buildings and the large campus at Ramos Mejía will, of course, offer many advantages for an all-round development of our students which the Rivadavia property has not been able to offer. But as we leave the latter, our minds are full of memories of the years spent here, years in which the school has grown and developed to a place where it is ready to launch out on a larger enterprise.

*U. C. M. S. representative on the faculty of Colegio Ward.

Fifty Remarkable Years

By JUNE ELIZABETH STANLEY*

LIVING in Lexington, Kentucky, today is a remarkable woman, not overburdened with handling the Lord's money for half a century, but rich in memories more precious than wealth. Mrs. O. L. Bradley is her name and she has just finished the last of fifty years as treasurer of the Kentucky Woman's Christian Missionary Society. In fact, her Golden Jubilee year closed during the Kentucky Centennial Convention, November, 1932. She was the first treasurer of her board. So, you see, Kentucky has had fifty years of history in which women have had organized work among the Disciples, preceded by fifty years without women's help. When we consider that Mrs. Bradley's work paralleled long years of service by Mrs. Helen E. Moses, Mrs. Ida Withers Harrison and Mrs. Louise Loos Campbell and after their deaths, continued through the time of present-day leaders, we see that her life-story includes the history of Disciples of Christ organized womanhood.

The beginning of her life work in her state missionary society was on this wise. Several of Mrs. Bradley's friends were among the original seventy-five women who met in the basement of the old Richmond Street Church in Cincinnati, October 25, 1874, when the Christian Women's Board of Missions was organized. There was Mrs. Caroline Pearre, mother of missions, who had formerly taught school in Lexington, Kentucky, where Mrs. Bradley lived. There were Mrs. W. T. Withers and Miss Sue Burroughs; and Mrs. Robert Milligan, wife of the president of Transylvania College. These and others were returning to Lexington, all anxious to tell about the growing influence of women in the work of the kingdom.

THE National Convention of Christian churches met in Lexington, October 19-21, 1882. Mrs. Bradley was an interested listener. During the convention the national officers of the Christian Women's Board of Missions had part in the deliberations. These women were honored guests in the homes of Mrs. Bradley and her friends. Leaders among the brethren spoke often from the text "Help these women." The hostesses began to see that they must widen their horizons. To see is to do down in Kentucky so immediately the Kentucky Woman's Christian Missionary Society, which had been organized a few years previous, became auxiliary to the Christian Women's Board of Missions. Mrs. O. L. Bradley was treasurer from 1882 to 1932.

Mrs. John Gay who was later state president for twelve years says, "Because of her large family and home responsibilities, Mrs. Bradley was prevented from attending many of the state conventions, but at every one for fifty years, a member of the state board read a full report of Mrs. Bradley's work and her accurately kept books were praised by the members." The executive committee held monthly meetings and Mrs. Bradley was very regular in attendance. Twelve times a year for fifty years, Mrs. Bradley gave her report and every time she encouraged the workers by a smile and some words of cheer. (Think of helping in 600 meetings of that kind!) Being very modest, she often spoke of her work as being poorly done, but she kept on for fifty years! She never had a salary; her work was a labor of love, but she often said "I wish we could pay the field workers what they have really earned."

Mrs. O. L. Bradley

At first there was only one worker—Miss Susie Sublette, then Mrs. Sarah K. Yancey and then Mrs. Louise Loos Campbell. Finally there were district secretaries and age-group leaders for helping younger people to become interested in missions. Then Mrs. Bradley wrote many letters to accompany the many checks each month.

The United Christian Missionary Society organized in Cincinnati, Ohio, in October, 1919, took over the work of the Christian Women's Board of Missions including the raising of the state development funds of most states. Monthly checks were sent from the society to Mrs. Bradley for field work in Kentucky. Mrs. Bradley continued writing her checks each month and enclosing them in personal letters to those who developed missionary organizations in Kentucky. Her loyalty to the United Society helped her to cut the budget often.

There came a day early in 1930, when the Lexington Bank which had held the state funds, did not open its doors. This is a letter which Mrs. Bradley wrote the next day. It contained a check in full.

"My dear One:—My bank's closing came to me as the greatest surprise. I had been to church yesterday and heard a most beautiful sermon. I came home feeling happy, after which someone called and told me that the bank would not open Monday morning. You can imagine how I felt. All the cash I had in the world tied up, but I felt worse over my treasurer's account than I did about my own. I didn't sleep much last night, thinking over our loss. I finally made up my mind that the *Kentucky Christian Women's Board of Missions should not lose a cent*, and that I would make it good some way. Well, after praying over it, I went to sleep feeling that some way, it would be made all right. This morning lovely friends telephoned me that other banks would let me have anything, as much as I wanted, so I went downtown today to borrow for myself. I am sending my personal check to you and I will pay myself later. Our bank will open soon. We have a lot to be thankful for. I hope you have a good field trip this month. With love, Mrs. O. L. Bradley."

As you can see from the photograph, Mrs. Bradley loves her easy chair. Since she is past eighty years of age, her state board meets in her home now. They have met there for years. The board members have noted that her hospitality enriches their deliberations, so they gladly accept this continued hospitality while the treasurer emeritus listens in her own chair to the report of the new treasurer, Miss Ella Shropshire. Mrs. Bradley still gloats over reports of the growth of the work. When a remote society sends a report, she is glad. When a field worker tells of her experiences, she nods her head and smiles. You can see that smile for yourself.

MRS. IDA W. HARRISON in her *Forty Years of Service* mentions the fidelity of Kentucky's treasurer. As state president, Mrs. Harrison said in her twenty-fifth anniversary address, "I am sure our organization is unique in that it has had but one state treasurer—Mrs. O. L. Bradley, who has been the faithful custodian of our funds since 1882." Dr. A. W. Fortune in his new book, *Disciples in Kentucky*, tells of the women's work in Kentucky churches and pays a tribute to the half century which Mrs. Bradley gave to the treasurership of her state board. This photograph is one that Dr. Fortune took, so that her picture might be in his new book. He has been her pastor for ten years.

Mrs. Bradley and her fellow-members believe that the missionary work of the future will be the crown of years. They watch the development of local churches as they glory in the work of the churches abroad. Women of missionary organizations will continue to pour their money into the coffers of the Lord.

*Associate secretary, Kentucky Woman's Christian Missionary Society.

A Sheaf of Prayers

Chinese Christians Give Thanks

By LOIS ANNA ELY*

For Friendship

FATHER, I thank Thee for my friend Hsiu-ching. She's been so generous through all these weary weeks of my long illness. Dear God, I lie here hopelessly awaiting thy last call and when Hsiu-ching comes near. I close my lips lest I complain of loneliness and pain when she has given all she has that these last worthless days of mine might be an ounce of comfort. I know the fight she has to greet me with a smile. I fought to greet my mother thus when she lay dying. I know, consummate actress that she is, how her firm quiet step is but a blind to hide the lagging tread of one work-weary, for these have been exhausting days for all the force. The nurses have not told me. No. They play the game like thy brave servants that they are, but Chang-ma, the old amah, more naive, has told me how Hsiu-ching last night broke down and cried with weariness as she bathed her feet so worn from running countless errands for the suffering folk who fill her ward. And yet, dear God, she trips into this room of mine and greets me with a morning face such as she must have worn when first she threw her window up and gazed at thee in thanks for her night's rest. 'Twas such a little rest! She stayed with me till Lao Wang struck the midnight hour upon his rounds. I wonder how many more nights I'll hear his faithful tread as he keeps watch o'er those who sleep and those who fight for slumber.

Dear God, I can do nothing for Hsiu-ching, not even thank her. Tears choke me when I try to say the words. Thy Son alone has taught her how to serve thee thus by serving such a helpless child as I, the little sparrow fallen to the ground.

Dear God, I worried for I had no burial clothes, but Hsiu-ching came this morning with such handsome ones—embroidered satin to encase these thin worn limbs of mine! And she has bought my coffin! Strong and sound of good, hardwood. Dear God, she is a poor girl, yet she gives her all. Please take me quickly, Lord, down through Death's Valley; I cannot bear to burden her another day. Take me, Lord, and compensate Hsiu-ching. From the rich storehouse pour her out the blessing she deserves.

I'm weary, Lord, too weak to breathe another word of prayer, so now, I'll say Amen.

TSUNG TSU PI.

*Missionary to China, who helped with the China programs while on furlough.

Y. C. Lee and family of the Drum Tower Church, Nanking, China

In one of these prayers Mr. Lee voices his thanks for his children. Luther stands next to his mother. One of the leaflets for this month's program is written by Mrs. Lee.

For Opportunities

MY LORD Jesus, at times I've almost lost thee in these revolutionary years. There's been too much of turmoil and self-seeking. I've been guilty, too, Lord Jesus. Pray forgive and use me, Lord, to teach thy purpose to my girls.

I've thanked thee many times, Lord Jesus, for rescuing me from all the sin and sorrow of my home, from my poor opium-smoking father and my callous second mother. Dear Lord, forgive her the destruction wrought in my sad home that started Christian. I've thanked thee for my Christian uncle who saw the need of his starved, lonely niece and introduced her to a Christian school. It turned my darkness into light. Again I thank thee, Lord.

I thank thee for my work that is so challenging; for these wee children first entrusted to my care, for the big awkward girls so late to enter school. Lord Jesus, help me most with them. I want our school to compensate for all the years they've lost.

Teach me to be more kind and patient. Guide the other teachers, too. Lead us, good Lord Jesus, as we lead our girls. We want to see them strive for lives like thine.

It's time for teachers' meeting, Lord. Go with me and direct. Amen.

TIH MEI-FEN.

For Sturdy Sons

ALMIGHTY Father, thou hast led my life through pleasant paths. There have been days of travail, none so great as that which brought my Luther to the world, but out of every sorrow and sore trial has come a blessing. Luther, David, John, I count my choicest blessings.

Father above, I gave thee Luther long before his birth. I promised thee my first-born son that he might preach thy blessed word like the great German Luther, and like him cleanse and purify thy church. I want him to be daring. Now he stands so straight and tall I scarcely realize he was the babe for whom my hungry arms reached out. He is a handsome lad, strong, pure and clean. Lord, keep him so.

No mother ever had a better son than he nor loved one more. My David and small John are two fine lads. I love them dearly. Forgive me, Heavenly Father, for loving Luther best. Again, today, I dedicate my best to thee. Be thou to him and me the mighty fortress the great Luther sang about and be the gentle Jesus of the cradle hymn.

To thee, a father, giver of thy own loved son, I lift my earnest prayer. Amen.

—LEE YAO-TUNG.

For Salvation

FATHER of my loving Savior, Jesus Christ, I give thee deepest thanks for the persistent, loving interest of my Christian friends that followed me, a stubborn wilful girl, until I found thy way of life, a way that led from out the squalor of my home to paths of service in this busy place.

In my home we scorned that Christian doctrine though its heralds brought me every goodly gift my life had known. How stubborn were my parents. Dear Father, forgive them that for years their ignorance withheld from me the Christian education offered by such generous hands. Forgive my hesitant acceptance of the training here. I did not want to have to read thy Holy Book.

How reluctantly I entered that first Bible class and how I steeled myself against the moment when some Christian nurse would say, "Mary, it is time for you to follow Jesus Christ." My lips were always ready to reply, "I do not want to eat this Christian faith. I'm here to learn to earn my daily rice."

Dear Lord, again I say, forgive me for my steely heart and thank thee, Lord, that the Jesus-teacher found a way to penetrate the hardness, that she led me to appreciate the Bread of Life and thank thee, Lord, for satisfaction when I ate.

Thou hast led me, Lord from out the squalor of my home to this clean place of service. Lead me back that thus my life may be a blessing to my home.

This prayer I humbly utter in dear Jesus' name. Amen, dear Lord, Amen.

—WANG TSIANG-CHEN.

Colleges Going Strong in the Second Semester

Bethany College

BETHANY College has been invited to take part in the annual debate tournament held by all the colleges of Ohio. Last year Bethany took part and won second place, losing only to Akron University in the finals. The tournament will be held at Hiram College this year.

Plans have been completed for the senior comprehensive examinations at Bethany College which will be given this year as a part of the new program of curriculum procedures initiated during the past two years. Sophomore comprehensives were given last year, but the present senior class will be the first graduating class to take this type examination.

Six Bethany College students joined with students from nineteen other colleges of the tri-state district in the annual International Relations Conference recently held at the University of Pittsburgh under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Each college represented a country and participated in discussion groups, mass meetings and round-table conferences through a three-day session. Bethany took the part of Japan.

A number of trips have been scheduled for the Bethany College Glee Club for the month of March, the longest of which will take the club to Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y., Canton, Ohio, and Altoona and Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Several other concerts will be given in schools and churches through the Ohio Valley. The Bethany Glee Club is under the direction of Professor P. C. Moos, head of the music department of the college. Twenty singers and a reader will be carried on each trip.

Butler College

On February 25, Butler University celebrated its 78th birthday with appropriate Founders' Day exercises. In the forenoon there was a large gathering in the Butler Field House at which time former President Dr. T. C. Howe of Indianapolis, Indiana, and David Lawrence of Washington, D. C., were the speakers. In the evening there was a banquet at the Claypool Hotel at which time Dr. Daniel S. Robinson, a Butler alumnus and now professor of philosophy at the University of Indiana was the speaker.

Butler is the recipient of a legacy from Jacob Lockhart of Hendricks County, Indiana, whose death recently occurred. Butler is named in the will for the sum of $75,000. The Emily E. Flynn Home for elderly women at Marion, Indiana, receives $5,000, the Indiana School of Religion at Bloomington, Indiana, $1,000, and the North Salem Christian Church and the St. Clair Christian Church both of Hendricks County, receive $1,000 each. Mr. Lockhart was a former student in the old Northwestern Christian College which later became Butler University.

The basketball team of Butler University received the Missouri Valley championship by defeating Creighton University of Omaha, Nebraska, which team ranks second in the Association.

Christian College

Christian College recently lost one of its oldest alumnae in the death of Mrs. McWilliams of Kansas City, Missouri. Mrs. McWilliams was Miss Frances M. Ware of Linneus, Missouri, and graduated in the class of 1860 under the presidency of J. K. Rogers. Mrs. McWilliams was a remarkable woman, and in her youth was noted for her wit and beauty. Her husband, the late Sidney McWilliams was one of the men who helped to build Kansas City and was very prominent in financial circles in the early days.

A number of the Christian College faculty members have published articles in the *Junior College Journal* during the past two years. Among these are President Edgar D. Lee; Dean J. C. Miller; Stella S. Myer, and Margaret McMillan.

Cotner College

Dr. Carl J. Warden, of the class of 1915, assistant professor of psychology at Columbia University, is chairman of the committee on precautions in animal experimentation of the American Psychological Association. Dr. Warden established the animal psychology laboratory at Columbia University.

A bust of Alvin Saunders, one of the founders of Cotner College, has been received by the Nebraska State Historical Society as a gift from his only daughter, Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, of Washington, D. C., according to the latest number of *Nebraska History Magazine*. Saunders was the last territorial governor of Nebraska, appointed by President Lincoln, and later became United States senator from the state. Russell B. Harrison, now deceased, was the only son of President Benjamin Harrison. Ernest W. Lundeen, librarian of Cotner College has written a biography of Saunders which has been accepted for publication in a forthcoming volume of the *Dictionary of American Biography*, issued by the American Council of Learned Societies.

College of the Bible
Lexington, Kentucky

Hugh McLellan, of the First Christian Church, Winchester, Kentucky, began a series of lectures on preaching at the College of the Bible, Wednesday, March 1. The following schedule gives the dates and the subjects:

Wednesday, March 1st—"The Voice."

Thursday, March 9th—"The Intellect and the Emotions."

Wednesday, March 15th—"The Sermon—Sources and Structures."

Thursday, March 23rd—"Style and Delivery."

Wednesday, March 29th—"Habits—Good and Bad."

Thursday, April 6th—"Clerical Types."

Mr. McLellan is one of the outstanding preachers in Kentucky. He has gained the position which he now occupies largely by the force and ability of his preaching.

Eureka College

Recent visitors and speakers of note at the college have been President R. W. Barstow of Hartford Seminary; Dr. Myrtle Lee Smith of the Congo Mission; and Marion Stevenson of the Christian Board of Publication. The last named came a few weeks in advance of the 50th anniversary of his graduation from Eureka, and in his address at Chapel and conferences with the young preachers brought his usual inspiring appeal for larger life in this larger day.

President Lyon continues in demand as a speaker, not only on Sundays in churches, before institutions and other educational groups, and in Shakespearean readings, but also as a prohibition lecturer. No backward or defeated attitude has settled over Eureka's temperance spirit.

Cordially supporting the college's new program of reduction in student fees, and increase in student self-help for the coming year, the local chapter of the American Association of University Women, Mrs. S. G. Harrod, president, is proving itself a worthy ally of the college. Already this organization has led out in a campaign to arouse the alumni and to answer the depression by an increased enrollment the coming year. Although Eureka has had the A. A. U. W., recognition only a few years, the advantages resulting from the attainment of this higher standard have been extensive to the college as a whole, and to the women students.

Illinois Disciples Foundation

More than 600 students from Disciple homes were registered at the University of Illinois the first semester, 500 of whom are already members of the church at home. Sixty-one have affiliated with the University Church, several by confession of faith and baptism. There will probably be 175 new students, teachers, for the most part, during the summer session; thus making the Foundation responsible for the religious life of nearly 800 young people this school year.

The big Annual Life Work Conference, promoted by the campus churches, the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A., will be in session about the middle of March for five days. This conference is for the purpose of helping students choose their life work. Counselors are brought at great expense from all parts of the United States by all the churches for the benefit of young people seeking advice about Christian life service.

Peter T. Li, one of the finest Chinese students at the University of Illinois, former dean of our college at Wuhu, China, left more than a year ago for his homeland. Stephen E. Fisher immersed him while he was at Champaign, and he returned home as an enthusiastic teaching missionary. He received an advanced degree here, writing an excellent thesis on

the "Eradication of the Mosquito in China" (with heavy emphasis on the Mos), in the Entomology department.

Lynchburg College

A meeting was held in Washington, D. C., the last week of February at the American University with representatives from a number of colleges in Virginia and Washington, D. C., present, at which time the Chesapeake Region Conference was formed.

Several colleges have withdrawn from the Virginia State Conference and have definitely decided to enter the Chesapeake Region Conference. Among these colleges are Randolph-Macon of Ashland, Virginia; Hampden-Sydney of Farmville, Virginia; Lynchburg College of Lynchburg, Virginia; and American University of Washington, D. C.

The State Student Volunteer Conference for Foreign Missions took place on February 24, with daily sessions through Sunday, February 26. The opening session was held on Friday night at Lynchburg College. Dr. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times,* Philadelphia, was the guest speaker. Other prominent speakers were Dr. F. W. Burnham, former president of the United Christian Missionary Society, and at present pastor of the Seventh Street Church, Richmond, Virginia; Dr. Donald W. Richardson, from the Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia; Dr. Robert Miles, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Lynchburg, Virginia; and Roy Price, a missionary recently returned from Korea, now pastor of the Methodist Church at Chatham, Virginia.

In an effort to achieve more coordinated college study, a new plan has been recently adopted by the board of trustees of Lynchburg College and will be put into operation next fall.

The academic work of the college will be divided into five groups. Dr. R. C. Beale will be the chairman of the division of language and literature; Dr. R. C. Sommerville, of education and psychology; Dean M. E. Sadler, of religion and philosophy; Dr. O. J. Grainger, of social science; and Professor Ruskin S. Freer, of natural sciences and mathematics.

Texas Christian University

An Intramural Economic Conference will be held at Texas Christian University on April 5, under the direction of Dr. W. J. Hammond, associate professor of history. Campus organizations cooperating in the conference will be two International Relations clubs, the Y. W. C. A., and the Y. M. C. A., and Pi Kappa Delta, debating fraternity.

Construction is now under way on the new University Christian Church located just north of the main campus of Texas Christian University. The auditorium unit of the church is to be completed some time in April and will cost approximately $63,000.

The church will be used first for a revival meeting to be conducted by Harry Knowles, pastor of the First Christian Church in Houston. His son, Johnny Knowles, is president of the freshman class at T. C. U.

The 1933 summer session of Texas Christian University will offer twice as many courses and will use twice as many teachers as summer sessions have in the past, according to an announcement by Dean Colby D. Hall. Every department of the regular session will offer work with the exception of two.

North Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and perhaps Missouri will be included in a 1500-mile spring concert tour to be made by the Men's Glee Club of Texas Christian University, according to an announcement by Patrick Henry Jr., business manager of the club.

William Woods College

William Woods College selects each year three queens. First is Beauty Queen, who rules as May Queen during the commencement festivities. This year the Beauty Queen is Miss Helen Gant of Oklahoma City. The second, the Popularity Queen, is selected by popular vote by the student body from the junior class. This year Miss Carolyn Stivers of Piedmont, Missouri was chosen. Her sister Phyllis, was chosen Beauty Queen during her senior year at William Woods. The third, the Ideal Queen, goes to the girl who most nearly typifies the ideal girl and is an honor much prized by William Woods students. This year Miss Corinne Reed, senior, of Lees Summit, Missouri, was chosen.

Phillips University

Professor F. E. Knowles, dean of men, was elected president of the Oklahoma Academy of Science at the recent meeting of that body.

Alexander Paul gave several addresses before the college students and church of Enid. Mr. Paul has made several trips to Phillips but never before has he awakened such interest in world problems.

The Riding School for ladies which was organized in Phillips last September has proved to be so popular that the scope of the organization will be enlarged for next year.

The Phillips students have enjoyed greatly, visits from three evangelistic companies. The C. R. Vawter Company gave an interesting program with musical numbers and addresss as did also Ivan Young and the Howe singers. The two companies held successful meetings in the Enid churches recently. Also Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reign Scoville and Mr. Farris visited the university and entertained the students with addresses and music.

Elephant Meat a Delicacy

Had you been in Lotumbe this past week you might have tasted, as we did, elephant meat fresh from the elephant's trunk. Yes, the natives killed one not far from here. Such excitement! Think of all the meat it supplied. Lontai, chief of the Christian village of Lotumbe, sent a section of the trunk to the white folk. We bought a foot to distribute among some of the boys.

EVERTON B. SMITH.

Lotumbe, Africa.

Report of Pensions Granted in 1933

I. Age Retirement

R-129—Age sixty-six, over forty years in the ministry. The Pension will be $252 per year, which is $21 per month. Total dues paid $252.

R-130—Age sixty-nine. Since he had served only twenty-six years in the ministry and no 8% dues were paid during his membership, the pension was reduced to $160.31 per year, which is $13.36 per month. Total dues paid $75.

R-131—Age seventy-eight, fifty-six years in the ministry. Due to low salary basis during membership and the fact that no 8% dues were paid, the pension was reduced to $135.32 per year, which is $11.28 per month. Total dues paid $26.23.

R-132—Age seventy-three, forty-five years in the ministry. Due to the fact that the 8% dues were not complete, the pension was reduced to $238.56 per year, which is $19.88 per month. Total dues paid $142.50.

R-133—Age seventy, forty years in the ministry. His pension is $252 per year, which is $21 per month. Total dues paid $237.30.

R-134—Age sixty-six. Since his service was limited to twenty-one and one-half years, his pension was reduced to $154.80 per year, which is $12.90 per month. Total dues paid $277.73.

R-135—Age seventy-two, forty years in the ministry. His pension will be $156.58 per year, which is $13.05 per month. This is less than the maximum because of a low salary basis. Total dues paid $169.63.

II. Disability

X-21—Age sixty, thirty-four years in the ministry. The pension is $480 per year, which is $40 per month. This is based upon a salary of $1,200 per year and comes entirely out of the 10½% dues fund into which he and his church had paid $262.50. (The age retirement pensions come principally out of the incomplete $8,000,000 Fund.) He is incapacitated for further ministerial service because of heart trouble and high blood pressure.

Note: Including those above listed there have been sixteen members to receive age retirement pensions under the Pension Plan since the first of the year. There have been two disability pensions granted since January 1, 1933. Four widows' pensions have been granted since the first of the year. Two of these are widows of men who died while in active service and two are widows of pensioners.

—Pension Fund of Disciples of Christ, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Sign Along the Congo Way

By MYRTA PEARSON ROSS

WE HAVE had a rare privilege this year and one that has knit us even more closely to this great Congo-land. A conference of all Protestant missions in this district was held at Elizabethville. There are many knotty problems in relation to Protestant missions here and since the details relating to some of these have centered around the office of the Council of Protestant Missions, Mr. Ross's attendance was made possible. As he was driving down in order to visit as many of the missions as he could en route, our good friends here made it possible for me to accompany him. I have memories for a lifetime. It has been thrilling, inspiring, heartening, assuring beyond all that I could have hoped or thought!

We got a secondhand Ford Tudor, equipped especially for long journeys, for $250. When we finished the journey to a point where we could come down home in five days by river, we were able to sell it for $270, but we had to buy two new cross pieces for its frame. We traveled about 6,500 miles, visited thirty-five mission stations and saw 233 missionaries—most of them at work on their own stations.

One of the first impressions as we drove was that of the marvelous physical beauty of the land. First, the hills rolling on and on, pursuing each other toward the horizon! And as it was near the end of the dry season when we started, on many of the nights when we had to drive after dark to reach a mission station, the hills were outlined by blazes of fire reaching up to the sky—the natives burning the dry grass to prepare the land for cultivation as soon as the rains should begin. We drove through forests with fire all too close on either side to be comfortable to the eyes, skin or mind (especially with the gasoline reserve drum so near us and it).

In such forest country we saw lots of baboons and monkeys and antelope of all sizes, from the little Duiker to the big horse-size Roan. We ran into a whole tribe of about thirty baboons and it was funny to see the old grandad (evidently) bravely shooing the whole family out of the road before he himself budged. One naughty little rascal was too slow and the grandpa gave him a swift slap which sent him tumbling off to one side. As we drove by they were scurrying everywhere. One mother was sitting up in a tree by the roadside clinging tightly to her baby. In another spot twenty or more went scampering across the road in front of the car, many mothers with babies clinging under their bodies. We spent weeks in the lion country and saw tracks and heard plenty of tales but saw no lions.

Other parts of the hills were scantily forested with small trees and brush. It was into that kind of forest we turned in desperation one day after struggling wearily through seas of sand, and stopping, pushing, shoveling, until it seemed impossible to progress farther. So out into the forest primeval we turned, mowing down the smaller trees and going around the larger ones. We made just seventy-five miles that day and finally slept in the car, stuck in the sand near a forest fire and with the crackling of padded feet in the bush, as we ate our evening sandwiches.

And the ferries! How many dozens *did* we cross? The marvel is that we always landed safely on and off them. Nearly all the larger streams are crossed by ferries—four or five canoes tied together, usually, and planks put across them. A couple more planks laid on them as an approach, careful aim to get the car wheels on the planks, small, small gas, and you're on.

WE SAW glimpses of Congo's immense mineral resources as we drove over and between her copper-filled hills, picked up malachite along the roads, visited some of the big copper works where the ore is extracted and smelted for shipment, saw her museums with specimens of her uranium ore (from which radium is obtained), her gold, tin, lead, cobalt and iron. And then in visiting the missions in the diamond district it seemed right uncanny to cross bridges over comparatively small insignificant-looking streams and see on either side camps and works of the diamond company and to know that just down in the sand and pebbles of those streams were millions of dollars worth of those precious jewels.

Our journey led us through three ancient kingdoms famous in African history—those of old King Ekuikui of Bailundo Territory, Angola; Musidi of Southern Congo, and the Bakuba or Bushongo of the Kasai. The former and the latter courts we visited and thanks to the intimate friendship of the missionaries nearby, were granted to see the innermost recesses of the royal cities.

Bakuba is the one remaining real kingdom in Congo with the king still in power, though under Belgium law. These people are a very different type from the surrounding Bantu and remain a separate, distinct people. Their history, kept by oral recitation by courtiers and royal wives, dates back many centuries and tells of the migration of the tribe from the north, crossing four large rivers. With data available historians think they must have come originally from the Sudan, and that the four great rivers were the Chari, Ubangi, Congo and Sankuru. The king received us royally at his court, within winding labyrinths and maze of paths between high, mat-like woven fences, into a big open square at one end of which was a beautiful outspreading tree. Here the king sat, and his children, grandchildren and some of his courtiers stood about him as we entered. The king is a paralytic and can only move one hand from the wrist. In spite of this he wields immense power. One distinction he enjoys is that of being offered eleven kinds of meat each day—fowl, fish, venison, wild pig, caterpillars, crickets, all included. If he sneezes everyone in his presence falls to the ground.

The king had assembled his six hundred wives in another big open court where, beginning at sundown, they sang for us their historical song, accompanied by rhythmic music of gourds. After singing the heroic deeds of each king they would rest a bit before attacking the next in line. It was an impressive demonstration to us. As we sat into the evening listening to this song, the king sent for Emory and Mr. Washburn, the missionary friend who accompanied us, to come into his court to have prayer with him.

After calling on the heir apparent in his palace (a house entire, roof and all, within another house and approached by the most puzzling of passageways) and calling on the queen mother (the highest in authority, as the kingdom is one of matriarchal succession), we wended our way back through the jungles to the American Southern Presbyterian station of Bulape.

This was the last station we visited. Our journey's pathway had led us to all types of mission stations. There were the faraway lonely stations, many of them manned by a single couple, some in the vigor of youth and romance, some in the valuable years of middle life, separated from young children at home, some in the golden glow of sunset, with twoscore years of service behind them and with eyes and hearts awaiting eagerly their own children who were in preparation for return to the field to take up father's and mother's task. It was lovely to meet so many second-generation missionaries as we did all along the way. Of one family of seven children, all are back in Africa, five in definite missionary work and the other two doing privately a great Christian service.

IN THESE times of crisis many stations are pitifully undermanned. One great American mission with six big stations has actually just five couples and three single folk on the field. One of its splendid young couples, out eighteen months, is alone with a preparatory school of one hundred and sixty students and the central Bible school of eighty students, and of course, the ever-present endless demands of daily station work.

These are days requiring fortitude and faith, but there is no doubt about the African church and its missionary and native leaders having sufficient of both, from signs all along the Congo way.

The Missionary Organizations' Own Section

"Hereunto Have Ye Been Called"
With Intensified Motives
For Spiritual Enrichment
To Increased Membership
To Enlarged Service
To Stewardship of Possessions

Enlarged Service

MANY of our women are feeling hampered and restrained in these days of financial lack. We must needs open our eyes to the many avenues which are open for enlarged service. There is a new day before us and what that day will be as regards the church and its place in the world will depend greatly on what we do today.

What we *are* as Christian women, will be the measure of our service. If we are to enlarge our service we must needs enlarge our hearts, our vision of the task, and our conception of the church and its work. Do we not need to make our daily petition, "O Lord, revive thy church, beginning with me"?

Daily intercessory prayer for others will show us the needs of the work and of the workers. What woman praying daily for the Bible school superintendent and for the school will not find ways in which she can help both? The woman praying regularly for certain missionaries will sacrifice that the work of those missionaries continue in the field.

Each and every one of us need to enlarge our knowledge of the church and its work. A rereading of the New Testament in the light of today's needs will take away that lurking sense of despair. A reading of the progress of the church through the ages and of its great field of endeavor today will fire us anew with purpose.

God still is. Christ's love still saves. Forget the word "they" and determine that *you* will be the one to tell the good news everywhere.

The enlarged life will find expression in enlarged service. How many times some of us have heard a minister or some member of a church say: "Yes, we have a good missionary society, the women look after the missions in the church." Perhaps that group of women may represent a very small part of the total membership of the church. A woman's missionary society is a very fine beginning, but its enlarged service will include the enlistment of the entire church in the worthy work in which it is engaged.

If the monthly mission study of your society is precious to you, enlarge its value by bringing another to the meeting to share it with you.

If your offering is not as large as you would like to have it, enlist another who will put her offering alongside yours, remembering that even many small offerings will make the total goal.

"The love of Christ constraineth us," to give of our best to him. Our past labors have flung out great frontiers. Shall we press on or must we retreat? Our offerings and our prayers will be the answer. Rather let us enlarge every mission field and every service.

Another enlarged service which has been much neglected in most of our churches has been that of leadership. "We could do it if we only had leaders," is heard on every hand.

Only recently a splendid Christian Endeavor Society in my state requested that they be told of the work of the church in all fields outside of their own community. Perhaps your young people are eager for that same information.

"Is the church at work and what is it doing today to carry out the great commission?" Your society can enlarge its service in the church and in the world through leadership in Intermediate and Senior Triangle Clubs, through sponsoring Young People's Missionary Circles and Christian Endeavor Societies.

There is an eagerness everywhere to know more of the church and its work. These difficult times have caused many to take inventory. Our missionary women can increase their service and their joy through a widening of their service of leadership in the church. Missionary education in the Sunday school, the Church School of Missions, the Missionary Fair or Exhibit, the special projects in the various departments, and the leadership of missionary organizations are all avenues of service and all are within the stated purpose of our constitution "to disseminate missionary information."

MARY ELLEN WHITE.
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Talents, the Gift of God

DID you ever read thoughtfully and carefully the Parable of the Talents, found in Matthew 25:14-30? Did you ever apply this parable to your own life? What has the Master given to you? This parable measures Christian growth, not by equality of gifts, but by the individual's development of his gifts.

Jean Miller, a member of a Circle and chairman of a World Fellowship Meet in Indiana, in an article "Using Our Talents as Christians," writes as follows:

"Talents are gifts of God bestowed upon man, or God's investments in men.

"Every person has some talent. All three men in the Scripture story had talents. Some had more than others. It is not the amount of talent we have that counts most, but how we use it.

"A youth was leaving his aunt's home after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner. He was proceeding to open it when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, saying, 'No, no! That you never shall. I have had that umbrella for twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet, and I am sure it shall not be wet now!' Some folks' talents are treated just this way. They are none the worse for wear. They are covered up or laid away to be used in case of emergency, but not for common occasions. I am suspicious that the twenty-three-year-old parasol was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have looked like a sieve. At any rate, I am sure that this is the case with the buried talent which has answered no useful turn in one's life.

"Phillips Brooks once told a story of some savages to whom was given a sundial. So desirous were they to honor and keep it sacred that they housed it and built a roof over it. Do the talents which God has given you seem so valuable that you carefully put them aside as though they were not intended for daily use?

"In every congregation outstanding, talented people may be found. Often talents lie dormant. They are so seldom used. In our organizations we need to have vigilance committees which will seek those capable, undiscovered people and set them to work for the glory of God in his church. We need a booster band who will speak a word of encouragement to the timid ones who are afraid to exercise whatever talents they may have for fear of failure. We need another group of persons who will give a friendly hand and a friendly smile, and who will put people at ease and help them find themselves.

"What about the talent that is yours? It is God-given. Why not use it? Begin today in your missionary group. Why not have a special missionary 'talent' meeting, where everyone has the opportunity to share in the task he can do best? Why not make our missionary organizations into the committees and groups suggested, and utilize, cultivate and develop the talents of every member?"

Programs for Adult Organizations

For the Leader of the May Program

Topic: Harvest in China—Changed Homes.

My dear Leader:

IT IS time for us to be making plans for the May program of our missionary organization. This meeting which we have consented to lead is the second program in the second half of our China study. For the April meeting we turned from our study of "Seedtime in China" to the consideration of "Harvest in China" and that first program rightly dealt with "Changed Individuals." I thought it was a splendid program! Now the second one, your program and mine, deals with "Changed Homes." And for the June meeting we will go on from "Changed Homes" to "Changed Communities" which will give us a well-rounded study.

Read through the devotional study on "Changed Homes" which appears in this issue of WORLD CALL, p. 38. It will give us a good start and the right background for our preparation. I do hope our leaders of devotions follow those plans for the worship service.

The program plans for this meeting appear on pages 28 and 29 of the *Year Book of Programs.* Notice that three features are given under "Presentation," as follows:

1. "A Modern Love Story." For this there is a most delightful leaflet, "Mrs. Y. C. Lee of Nanking—The Story of Her Home as She Has Told It." Miss Emma Lyon has translated it for us. This should be given as an impersonation and will be very effective if given in costume. A picture of the Lee family appears in this issue of WORLD CALL. Be sure to call attention to it. The story will mean more to everybody if we see the picture of that fine family. Then too we will want to call attention to the picture of Miss Lyon in the March WORLD CALL and the article about her.

2. "Chow Yung Chen's Birthday Party." This also is a leaflet and a most interesting and appealing story which can be told in the meeting. The picture of Chow Yung Chen (referred to in the story as "Chow Old Gentleman") appears on page 10 of the *China Supplement.* Also on page 28 of the March WORLD CALL in the picture of the staff of the Nantungchow Hospital. He is the hospital registrar.

3. "I Am Glad My Mother Was a Christian." This is a leaflet and should be used as an impersonation. Bao Wen-Mein, who tells the story, is principal of our school at South Gate, Nanking, China. The sister to whom he refers in his story is Laura Shao, wife of Mr. Luther Shao, one of our fine young preachers, now studying at Yale. Luther Shao wrote one of our leaflets for January you will remember, "Why I Chose My Calling." The Circle programs carry a leaflet which is the story of Luther and Laura Shao.

Only three features are listed and for them, as you see, there are the three leaflets. But we have another leaflet which you will be glad to include in your program plans. I want to use it in my meeting, "Two Funerals in China." It reveals the difference between the Christian and non-Christian home in the contrast between these funerals.

"A Day in My Chinese Pastor's Home," by Mrs. Verna Waugh Garrett, in this issue of WORLD CALL, is a charming story and reveals a home beautifully Christian. You will want to add it to your program plans, I know. She also wrote that interview with Dr. Hagman which appeared in the February WORLD CALL. Her husband, Frank Garrett was one of our earliest missionaries in China. They are now retired and living in Florida.

Among the many fine books which are enriching our study of China I would like to refer to a few chapters especially. "The Family," in *As It Looks to Young China* reveals many a problem in China today and is an interesting study. "Sharers in the Family," in *Lady Fourth Daughter of China* is a most helpful chapter. There are many delightful glimpses of home life in *The Portrait of a Chinese Lady.* To mention just one, the chapter, "Dining Out in Shanghai."

Two very challenging statements are found under "Think on These Things" in your *Year Book of Programs.* Use them to stimulate discussion or as themes for prayer. Have someone read them in the meeting.

Among the China biographies you might choose some of the missionary women who have made outstanding contribution through the Christian home which they have established in that land. If you do not have a set of the biographies of the China missionaries write for it at once. Ten cents for the set.

Write for a mimeographed list of articles on China which have appeared in current magazines. These are free.

We ought to make this a most interesting meeting, one that will arouse greater interest in China, greater appreciation of her people and their accomplishments, greater concern for her needs and greater desire to help. We ought to be stirred by this study! And then it ought to bear fruit in the responses we make to the calls of need. I am hoping we are going to have very splendid programs with large attendance. I am wishing you all success and praying that all things may work out to the very largest good.

Yours for better programs,
Another Program-Planner. (E. E.)

Of Interest to You!

In that group of prayers called "A Sheaf of Prayers" which appears in this issue of "World Call" but is planned for use in our April program you will be interested in a word or two about each one. Tih Mei-fen is the principal of our girls' school at Nantungchow. A picture of her appears on page 10 of the CHINA SUPPLEMENT and on the same page a picture of the school. One of the leaflets for the June program, "Working for My Lord Jesus" is about Miss Tih and she is one of the characters in the dramatization, "Responsibility Shared" in the January program.

One of the prayers is from Lee yao-Tung, pastor of our Drum Tower Church, Nanking. See reference to picture and to Mrs. Lee on this page under discussion of the leaflet, "Mrs. Y. C. Lee of Nanking."

Wang Tsiang-chen is one of our fine nurses in the Nantungchow Hospital. She is called Mary Wang.

Suggestions for the Fellowship Hour

A SUGGESTION for the Fellowship Hour is found on page 44 of the September, 1932, WORLD CALL. From such books as *What Do You Know About China, Far Peoples, Chinese Ginger, Young China, World Fellowship Children,* etc., you will find good ideas. Some of these books may be found in your library or among the leaders of various age groups. Or you may not yet have exhausted the suggestions that appeared in January and February WORLD CALL.

Are You Using Your Public Library?

SOMETHING hid beyond the—" doors of your Public Library. Go and find it! An abundant and rich supply of material on China can be found in the current magazines. Our librarian noted several fine articles from *The Christian Herald,* 1932 and 1933 issues. The *Woman's Press* carries its full share. The *International Review of Missions, Church Overseas, Missionary Review of the World* and all the other missionary magazines to which we have access reveal an appealing lot of material. And *Asia* carries so many interesting and delightful articles!

Using this material will make your China study yet more interesting. A list of stories and articles found in magazines can be supplied to you on request. Write to the department of missionary education for it.

Programs for Young People

Circle

(For Young People, Ages 18-24)

1932-33: *Fellowship in Service.*

May Theme: *A Fellowship of Sharers.*

Worship Theme: *The Obligations of Fellowship.*

"For the Leader"

IN A CONFERENCE for officers of the Circle in one of the state World Fellowship Meets, the young people were expressing their appreciation of "For the Leader" pamphlet found in the program packet on China. They were pleased with the list of reference materials which guided them in finding interesting and helpful articles to supplement their program material. They were glad to have the aims stated for the month. They appreciated the brief résumé of the program leaflets together with the questions and suggestions for the discussion period. Several reported on having made maps and charts and told of the ways in which they had helped visualize the work which they were discussing. Have you found these materials helpful? Are you making use of them? Would you like to have the plan continued?

Was This Your Circle?

While visiting a local church recently, I heard the president of the Circle make an announcement for the meeting of the executive committee of the Circle. Was this in your church? Are you making such definite plans that your Circle is benefited and your young people enthusiastic about the Circle work?

Are you planning to reach your financial aim by July 1 and have it remitted before June 30? Do not let it be said of your Circle that your failure to give or your reduced giving caused the missionary work to suffer or retrench.

Did you read the article "Warning" by Stephen J. Corey in the March WORLD CALL? If not, turn to page 13, read it, and share the contents with every member of your Circle. This will help you to know some of the problems which must be faced. We are counting on every member of every Circle, to stand by loyally and in the words of "My Purpose,"—"make my gift to missions in fair proportion to what I spend on myself."

What Has the Study of China Meant?

We are coming toward the close of our study of China. It would be worth while to plan for an item on the June Program which would give the members of the Circle an opportunity to discuss what the study of China has meant to them in understanding and appreciation of the people of China, and in becoming familiar with the work of our missionaries and our church.

Senior Triangle Club

(For Young People, Ages 15-17)

1932-33: *Building a New World Together With God.*

May Theme: *Christian Builders of Health.*

Worship Theme: *The Obligation of Fellowship.*

This article, "What My Triangle Club Has Meant to Me" was sent to us by a member of a Triangle Club. Do you have other suggestions you would like to add to this statement of one of your members?

THROUGH the Triangle Club young people may acquire a better understanding of the world in general. Since the programs are on the missionary work of our church, both in the home and foreign fields, one can obtain a more thorough understanding of all the people in the various countries; their customs, modes of living, religions, surroundings and their needs. Oftentimes our newspapers, in dealing with peoples of other countries and the affairs in those lands, give such exaggerated accounts that they leave people with the wrong impression. On the contrary, the information used in our Triangle Club is really authentic. The materials used in our programs are often prepared by the missionaries who have served in these lands and know the actual conditions.

Through the Triangle Club as we receive these reliable accounts and know of the contributions of the people of other races and nations, we have a more kindly and sympathetic understanding of these friends of ours. We discover that we are all more alike than different in our ideals and longings for better things. We feel a friendship with the young people with whom we serve in our churches wherever they may be located.

One of the outstanding features of Triangle clubs is the opportunity which it gives young people to develop leadership.

Another important item in the Triangle Club is the opportunity it gives to all of its members to share. The fifteen cents offering paid each month, by each member, is a very small sum. Yet it gives each one the opportunity and joy of having a part in the work of serving Christ and his people around the world. And for those of us who really want to share in a larger way we have the opportunity through our special gifts.

A good Triangle meeting can give young people inspiration. We all need something to challenge us once in a while. There is a little slogan that reads, "Information, inspiration, realization." Why not attend the Triangle Club as a means of gaining inspiration? You will be eager to do bigger and better things during the coming months and help in building a Christian world here and now.

Intermediate Triangle Club

For Boys and Girls, ages 12-14

1932-33: *Pioneering With Jesus on World Trails*

May Theme: *Pathbreakers for World Peace*

A Challenge

O YOUTH, at the dawn of a stirring new day,
With faith in your heart, with hope's light in your eye,
In you is the power to build or to slay,
In you is the spirit to do or to die.

Go forth to make manhood; dig deep, labor hard
The spirit of love and of trust to restore.
The future is yours, to be made, to be marred—
You must build a new world or must wage a new war.

THE church and all church-centered organizations may well use the occasion of Good-Will Sunday which is the third Sunday in May, to vigorously promote World Brotherhood, Peace and Good Will. Our Triangle program for this month gives you a general review of the world movements for Peace to which you can add many stories and poems from your own reading. If no other Peace program is being planned for your church the Trianglers might like to give their program for the church at the evening worship hour or at the mid-week prayer service. It would be good for the intermediates and good for the church. Here is another hymn, perhaps the best Peace hymn written. It should be sung to the tune, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

The Son of God Goes Forth for Peace

The Son of God goes forth for peace,
Nor lands nor power to gain;
He seeks to serve, to love, to lift;
Who follows in his train?
A glorious band in every age,
In spite of scorn and pain,
True sons of God his peace have made;
Who follows in his train?

Now let the world to peace be won,
And every hatred slain;
Let force and greed be overcome
And love supreme remain.
We send our love to every land;
True neighbors would we be;
And pray God's peace to reign in them
Where'er their homeland be.

—EARNEST BOURNER ALLEN.

How Do We Stand?

We are within one month of the end of our missionary year. How near are we to the goal we set at the beginning of the year?

Devotional Study for Missionary Societies

Harvest

"He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread."—Proverbs 28:19.

MAY

Changed Homes

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Joshua 24:15.

Hymn: *Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming.*

Prayer: *Two prayers of Thanksgiving.*

(Subjects suggested at the end.)

CONFUCIUS said: "From the loving example of one family, a whole state becomes loving." This was the dreamer's ideal rarely realized. It was never realized in relation to his wife, certainly. For after the birth of one son, he rarely saw her. It is doubtful if the wife ever entered his mind when he was writing the above. He was speaking of the patriarchal family where the descendants of one ancestor—four generations of them—live under one roof: "Where the elders were cherished and the younger members of the household served them dutifully." Hu Shi, one of their modern writers, says: "The Chinese moralists constantly cite the story of the 'Hundred Forbearances' as the best example of family life; but none of them seem ever to realize the terrible amount of suffering, friction, suppression and injustice which have made forbearance an absolute necessity."

The teaching of God's word, "A man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife," had never in the remotest way entered into the mind of the Chinese sages. The wife was purchased to serve her mother-in-law and bear sons to her husband. If she were successful in this last venture, she could look forward to respect and love from her sons and service from their wives. Should no sons be born to her she must expect her husband to take wives to bear sons for him. Should she not please his fancy in every way (and how could she hope to do so when he had had no voice in choosing her, perhaps had never seen her previous to the marriage?) her husband could go among the girls of the poorer people and choose as many concubines as his purse would allow to satisfy his fancy or his lust.

"Dividing the family" has been one of the chief objections to Christianity from the first, by the older people. For a son to marry and take his wife to another house, and they two establish a home, is "dividing the family." To them, at first, this procedure was so revolutionary that they feared overthrow of their social safeguards. Had the young people who established these homes not been Christian with developed Christian consciences the danger might have been very great. Had the young wife not been educated in a Christian school in taking responsibility and self-reliance, the venture must surely have failed. Now so many of these Christian homes exist where mutual respect and love reign that no educated young person wants a home of the old type. "The patriarchal family is a form of insurance against unemployment, sickness, old age or adversity of any kind." But the young are willing to forego this form of "insurance."

I visited one of my pupils in Shanghai who had married a Christian whom she loved. Her husband belonged to a rich family, the second son of four brothers. The old father-in-law was not a Christian. He bought three expensive acres in the heart of Shanghai and had completed the first mansion for himself and oldest son and family and was erecting the second for my pupil and her husband. They were living in a little five-room rented house, adequate for themselves and two children. "I will not move into that mansion in that park," she said to me. "It is beautiful, but I will not have it at any price. My sister-in-law's children are brought up by servants. Each child has its nurse and strikes her when in a temper. My children are well disciplined and obedient. But how long would it be until they would follow the example of their cousins if we moved into the same grounds?"

One evening when the harvest moon was full and all were worshiping it, from my window I saw my neighbors install their small four-year-old son in the worship of the moon. They had a small square table made just the right height for the child—a replica of their large tables. On it were placed tiny dishes of fruit, moon cakes, rice and wine and incense, exactly as the elders had placed theirs. The child had his tiny stool—everything as a kindergartner would have had it had he wanted to please the child perfectly. The child sat in a reverent manner and watched the incense burn to the moon.

In our Christian families the child's training begins very young. People sometimes wonder that the children of Christians are always Christians. They could hardly be anything else as a child's religious training is recognized as being the obligation of the parents. Idolatry becomes so very repellent after they have come to know God and his son, Jesus Christ, that they protect their children against it as they would the plague. Many of our Christian families have their daily family worship and the blessing at the table.

Alexander Li, graduate of our Christian College and of Hiram College, chose his wife. After some years of marriage, while he was teaching in the University of Nanking, he said to one of the other members of the faculty: "From what I had seen, I imagined the novelty of marriage wore off. But it does not; it grows better and better all the time." It was of that home that one of our high school girls said: "When I marry I want a Christian home. I spent my vacation in the Alexander Li home and there is love and consideration and companionship. They treat each other like pals. My sister has made what the Chinese would call an ideal marriage. Her husband is rich. She does not have to live with her mother-in-law. Her husband is very polite to her. In fact, they are both so polite they treat each other as guests. I want a Christian husband so that we can be pals." Because of that glimpse of happiness caught in that few days in that Christian home, she refused to consider as suitors any of the rich or influential or brilliant young men that her banker brother recommended to her. She married a Christian doctor from a middle-class family while her ancestry was proud Manchu.

Prayer.—*Two prayers of petition.* (Subjects suggested at the end.)

Hymn: *Home, Sweet Home.*

Thank God that:

1. The ideal of the Christian home has entered into the minds of many of the young people of China.

2. There are many families demonstrating the Christian home in the midst of their neighbors.

Pray that:

1. More and more the Christian home may command its desirability to the Chinese people who look upon the home as the bulwark of society.

2. All that was good in the patriarchal system, care for the aged and unfortunate, and real filial love, may be conserved in the Christian home.

MARY FRANCES E. KELLY.

Echoes From Everywhere

New Buildings
At Mondombe

My sixty boys here in the school at Mondombe are as "sassy" as ever. One group keeps the grass cut and the paths clean, the other group is planting sweet potatoes, beans, plantains, pai-pai, etc. The older group has been trimming the long dead fronds from the palm trees and helping the teachers haul dirt to fill in the schoolhouse floor. Our new schoolhouse is nearly completed. It is made native fashion out of poles tied with vines and plastered with mud but it is divided into rooms around a court. The long room at the end is for assemblies leaving eight classrooms which open onto the court. It will get the school with all the cupboards, blackboards, etc., out of the church. It was simply built and will serve as a model building to be copied in the back-country schools, if they get ambitious.

Our second bunch of Congo Christian

Institute graduates will be coming back soon. We are giving a school exhibit and program as a welcome for them and hope to have it in our new schoolhouse.

Our house is such a satisfaction now it is finished. The native plaster is a dirty brown color and is ugly, especially when the room is naturally dark. But two of the shop boys have used a native white clay, which we found at a village on our trip, as a kalsomine, and it brightens up the rooms nicely, and only cost a few francs. Our crippled boy, Pierre, made cushions for the Morris chairs, stuffing them with raffia.

GERTRUDE SHOEMAKER.

Mondombe, Africa.

In the French Field

We are having preaching every Sunday in our three new churches and in a community chapel seven miles south of Lake Charles. I preach in this church every Sunday that I am here. Mr. Bell preaches at Mamou every Sunday. Mr. Manning at Hi-Mount, Mr. Newman preaches every two weeks in all the churches and at Fenton, Sulphur, Swallow and Community Chapel in the week times. I preach every two weeks at Kinder. Mr. Fontenot preaches also through the week and teaches a Sunday school class at Community Chapel. Weather has hindered our activities this month. Mrs. Armstrong has taught her Sunday school class each Sunday, made thirty-four calls and helped in many other ways.

W. N. ARMSTRONG.

Lake Charles, Louisiana.

The Situation In India

It is difficult to know just what to make of the political situation in India. The government is pledged to work out a plan of self-government as soon as possible and a good deal of progress was made at the two Round Table conferences. The chief obstacle has been the failure of the different communal groups in India to agree among themselves as to what they want. As the Congress was not able to do anything with these difficulties they took the easy way of putting all the blame on the government and refusing to cooperate. When they declared a war of boycott and disobedience of law against the government, the government declared the Congress an unlawful body and has put in jail all persons who have tried to carry out the program of the Congress. The movement collapsed at once and showed the absurdity of the Congress claim to represent all of India.

Just at present there is a misunderstanding as to method of procedure between the government and the liberal leaders who had formerly been cooperating with government. The government is trying to make speed by cutting out some of the red tape but the Indians suspect that their views are not being given sufficient consideration. This dispute will make further delay but I have no doubt a suitable constitution for India will eventually emerge. The Congress group would settle the whole matter quickly by having England turn over everything to them and then stand by with a big stick to guarantee their authority. Unless this plan is followed they refuse to cooperate. As long as they maintain this absurd position, they will

The Kens and Esthers in India

Left to right: Kenneth and Esther Bonham, Esther and Kenneth Potee

have to be ignored. Gandhi and some of the other leaders could give valuable assistance at this time but they have placed themselves entirely outside the realm of practical politics. In the meantime the Hindus and Moslems of Bombay are adding to the difficulty of the situation by breaking each others' heads every chance they get.

FAY E. LIVENGOOD.

Damoh, India.

Church Entertains Seniors

Sunday night, January 29, was "Senior Night" at the Christian Church in Livingston. Every year it is the custom to entertain the four classes of Livingston Academy at special evening services and this time thirty-three members of a senior class of forty-four were able to be present. When we consider that the majority of these young people live in the country we realize that they appreciate these special nights enough to attend with a high percentage of each class present. The church auditorium was decorated with ferns and the school colors of blue and white. The girls' glee club, under the direction of Miss Nancy Bird, presented two numbers. A souvenir—an aluminum pocket piece with the Lord's Prayer on one side and John 3:16 on the other—was given to each senior. R. B. Hurt, pastor of the church and teacher of Bible in the Academy, used John 3:16 as the basis for his message to the young people, choosing from it the four most important words—"God—loved—gave—Life." The church was filled for this service. The junior class of the Academy will be a guest in the near future.

In Memoriam

Mrs. F. E. Crenshaw, Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Mrs. Joe Thomas, December 3, 1933, Odell, Nebraska. Faithful member of missionary society.

Mrs. A. D. Stanton, January 30, 1933, Logansport, Indiana. Member of Ninth Street Church for sixty-eight years. Charter member of missionary society. Age 81.

Mrs. Jessie C. Reagor, Greensburg, Pennsylvania. President of missionary society and faithful worker.

Mrs. Emma Carpenter, Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Vice-president and devoted member of missionary society.

Mrs. Martha Gray, Rushville, Indiana. Faithful member of Ben Davis missionary society.

Eliza E. Marsh, January 4, 1933, Elliott, Iowa. Mother of Mrs. Annella Marsh, Jaggard (deceased) of Africa, and of Mrs. Henry Esch, wife of pastor of Christian Church, Elliott, Iowa. Age 74.

Mrs. Latina Patrick Crum, February 15, 1933, ElCampo, Texas. Devoted member of church and missionary society. State worker in Illinois and organized societies in Brownsville and ElCampo, Texas. Age 91.

Mrs. Brice Carlton, December 17, 1932, De Queen, Arkansas. President of missionary society.

Starving As a Cure

The woman who sells milk to us has been very ill. She lives in a village which cannot be reached during and immediately after the rainy season by car. Our mission doctor walked at least a mile through mud and water from her car to the village and back again each time she went to see her, and the compounder also went out at various times to give injections. The patient received medicine and suggestions and began to improve. Three of our women volunteer workers called on the woman recently and reported that the main danger for her life was that she was being starved by the relatives. The patient said she had not had food for eleven days! Daily she begged for something to eat and her husband and daughter told her that she must fast in accordance with their custom, that fasting was necessary to her recovery. Finally the women persuaded the husband to let her have some milk. I wonder how many Indians have died because of this custom of making people fast.

ANN MULLIN.

Damoh, India.

Drama In The Congo

Our fourth year of school at the Congo Christian Institute is now over. Last

year we had six men in our graduating class. This year there were fourteen married men and five single men in the class. Our exercises began with a play—"The Life of Paul." These people are natural born actors and do good work as a rule. Have you ever written in a foreign tongue, directed, made costumes and arranged the scenery for a play of over an hour in length? Well, it's lots of fun collecting old clothes from all your friends to dye and make over into something which looks like what we feel people of Paul's time wore. This year sixty-two were in the cast. Paul's life will be more real to all of us after having studied it in this manner.

The sermon on Sunday was preached by Herbert Smith. The seniors and their wives marched into the church singing, the men dressed in white cotton trousers and shirts which were made by the students. The women wore unbleached muslin dresses embroidered in colors. These were entirely made by hand in sewing class. Instead of the regular "handkerchief headdress" each woman had a cape jasmine in her hair. During the afternoon the seniors gave their parting preaching service at the school, after which they formed an Ivy Circle (made of ferns) and were "cut apart" as stations, then as husbands and wives or single men. This service was conducted for the first time this year and was very impressive.

GOLDIE RUTH WELLS.

Bolenge, Africa.

Boys' Union
High School

One-third of the number of boys in the Christian High School (Union of Methodists and Disciples of Christ) come from Hindu homes. The rest are all Christian. This coupled with the fact that all but one of the teachers are Christian, makes the school a unique one.

The boys in the hostel spend an hour six days in the week at manual labor, another unusual departure for high school students in India. Their work consists of gardening, cleaning their compound and keeping their playground in order.

We have this year admitted two Hindu boys into the hostel. They are not yet prepared to eat with the Christian boys because of caste rules but we hope that constant contact with our boys may be as the dropping of water on a stone. They each have to walk over a mile and return twice each day to eat with their own caste fellows. One is a Bania and the other is of the Brahmin caste so they cannot club together. While the influence of caste is in many ways weakening, it "dies hard."

W. E. GORDON.

Jubbulpore, India.

Hidden Answers

1. How is Christian teaching carried on in Colegio Internacional?
2. Where were bits of old metal melted into music?
3. What Home Missions leader has recently died?
4. In what country do all subjects fall to the ground when the king sneezes?
5. Difference between American and Chinese ways of computing ages?
6. The "cry of youth" in Africa?

This missionary society of Park Street Church, Kalamazoo, Michigan, had the unique experience of meeting at the home of one of its members who is past ninety years of age, Mrs. Clara Spakeen, who has been a member of a missionary society for sixty years.

"The Cry
Of Youth"

Stobie (Miss Stober) and I are spending Sunday in a village with two of our teachers. I have just come back from afternoon meeting and am out in front of our tiny freshly mudded house playing the Victrola for a bunch of youngsters. They have not heard one up this way for a long time. We had Sunday school this morning—four classes, and Losoko, the district evangelist, preached. Miss Stober had charge of the communion service. There were about thirty-five Christians including the boys who are carrying our loads. They are Christians from the first few villages we passed through. The rest of the 120 present were raw heathen. This afternoon there were one hundred present—lots of children—twenty-eight of them in day school. One little crippled girl about six years old was crawling around on her hands and knees.

Our trip is a combination evangelistic and medical. This region up here is new as to our teachers and they seem eager and responsive. Our worst difficulty is getting the chiefs, kings, old men and men of rank to help the teachers and not to stop their wives and children from going to church and school. There have been several marriage palavers on this trip—Christian men wanting two wives—or some rich man taking Christians' wives away from them—or boys wanting to do right and not being able to get wives without a lot of money. When we were talking with one of the young teachers he said, "Mama, if we young folks could do the way we really want to it would be all right. If we could kill off some of these old folks who tempt us with their old heathenish ways maybe we would have a chance." Ever hear that before? The cry of youth.

GERTRUDE SHOEMAKER.

Mondombe, Africa.

Making Teachers'
Meetings Interesting

Dr. Bose, professor of religious education at California Christian College spoke at the teachers' meeting of Japanese Christian Institute recently, followed by group meetings to discuss the problems common to the different groups. Eighteen of the possible twenty-five teachers were present.

K. UNOURA.

Los Angeles, California.

Happy Over
Their New Building

At our church institute in Damoh, Kenneth Potee led a couple of classes on Sunday School Methods and the Duties of a Church Member. Hamilton Singh gave us a fine series of inspirational addresses and took two evenings with the class on Personal Work. Mr. Rice and Mr. Livengood also helped in this course. We had three groups to study gospel team methods, with two or three leaders for each group. All of the meetings were held in the new community house. The money for this building was raised by a thanksgiving offering each year for several years past and the Mission made a grant of one-fourth of the cost. The total expense was about $500. The main hall is 27×42 feet. We had a chance to test its capacity when we had a drama to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of our church in India, and there was room for all to sit in the main hall. Miss Josepha Franklin was able to help a great deal in preparing the drama, as she was a member of the first group of missionaries to work in Damoh. FAY E. LIVENGOOD.

Damoh, India.

New Missionaries
Kept Busy

The Bakers are getting into the work in a fine way. Mrs. Baker is helping in the woman's school and is station secretary and will help me with the maternity class. They are taking turn about with the young married people's class and have done a lot of the entertaining which seems to take so much time when we have a doctor living here, because so many white sick folk come. Doctor Baker has done a number of operations, making everyone joyously thankful that we have once more a surgeon at Mondombe. One of the Administateurs said, "Well, after seeing him do an operation I wouldn't mind having appendicitis out here." Besides all this, the Bakers are supposed to spend a number of hours a day studying Lonkundo and they are making good progress.

BUENA R. STOBER.

Mondombe, Africa.

Station UCMS Broadcasting

DURING the month of February a number of our foreign missionaries visited the preachers of some of our churches in the interest of Foreign Missions Day, March 5. They report that never have they been more cordially received, and the preachers in turn speak of the visits as a benediction.

The Business and Professional Woman's Guild of the Downey Avenue Church observed the World Day of Prayer in Graham Chapel of Missions Building, Friday evening, March 3, with a processional and candlelighting service. The order of service as provided by a committee of the Council of Women for Home Missions, Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions and the National Council of Federated Church Women was used, and Miss Lela Taylor was the speaker.

An attractive booklet entitled *Strength for Today* has just been issued by the United Society. It consists of twelve short devotional studies, by Stephen J. Corey most of which have been given by Mr. Corey in the morning devotional service at headquarters from time to time. They are particularly applicable to the days through which we are now passing. Copies of the booklet are available without charge for any who desire them.

The church erection department of the United Society is rejoicing over the addition to its staff of little Miss Mary Amelia Pearcy who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pearcy on February 24.

In the benevolent homes the following deaths have recently occurred: Mrs. Mollie Armstrong, February 2, 1933, Dallas, Texas; William Herndon, February 16, 1933, of Enid, Oklahoma, and George C. Rumberger, of Hagerstown, Maryland, January, 1933, both in the Florida Home; also Miss Genevieve Belle Lent of the Emily E. Flinn Home, Marion, who passed away in March.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Rowe of Africa are sailing from Matadi for America, May 5, and Miss Buena Stober is sailing some time in April. These missionaries are coming home for their regular furlough.

From Homer W. Carpenter, pastor of First Church, Louisville, Kentucky, comes the following note:

"In the death of Mrs. William Bailey, during the last week, the First Christian Church in Louisville lost its oldest and most widely beloved member. Nearly ninety-four years of age, and active in her church work within a few months of her death, 'Mother Bailey,' as she was affectionately known, has left a heritage to the local church and to our brotherhood at large, which immeasurely enriches all of us.

"Her discipleship represented seventy years of active service in the church, always of the most gracious, self-forgetful and devoted kind. In the local church her memory will be a constant joy and inspiration and challenge to ideal Christian life. In our brotherhood at large her influence will continue and her service will be carried on in the most wonderful ministry of the William Bailey Memorial Hospital in our African Mission field, where through her generosity each year thousands of patients find the healing ministry of the Great Physician."

No Sparrow Falls

No winged thing that down the heaven's face
Falls like a tear from out the aeon's eye,
Shall go unheeded to its dusty place.
Its elegy is written in the sky.

No feathered breast, that, pinned against the ground,
Stirs in its anguish the enfeebled wing,
And forces with its breath a gasping sound,
Shall be forgotten in the Reckoning.

How then shall I, who tread with earth-bound feet
The ever-lessening circle of my days,
Unleash my learning and my small conceit
To hound Creation's old omniscient ways?

I am content to cast my lot with these
Whose wings awake the still Eternities!

—GILBERT MAXWELL.
In *New York Times.*

We have just learned that Mrs. C. L. Pickett of Manila, Philippine Islands, had the misfortune to fall and break her left wrist some time ago. We are glad to know, however, that she has about recovered from the injury.

The *Year Book of American Churches* for 1933, issued under the auspices of The Federal Council of Churches, contains much interesting and valuable information. In its "Who's Who in the Churches" we note thirty-nine Disciples listed. It is difficult to tell just how these names were gathered, as many of the prominent men of the brotherhood are not included.

While the amounts contributed to the United Society by churches, Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor societies during the eight months of the present missionary year are much smaller than last year, it is interesting to note that the number of contributions in every case is larger, apparently showing that the interest is not lessened. In the case of individuals contributing the number is larger, as is also the amount.

Word comes that Miss Margaret Lawrence will remain in China for the remainder of her term and will be located at Wuhu. Her mother, Mrs. George W. Muckley, will probably spend some time with her at that place. Mrs. Muckley has been in China for the last two years, part of the time with Bayard, at Amoy, where he has been the representative of the Texas Oil Company. Just recently Bayard has been transferred to Saigon in Indo-China.

Miss Mary Kelly, who spent last winter in California, is now in Jacksonville, Florida, at the Florida Christian Home, where she is succeeding in making herself useful in many ways.

Immediately following the birth of a fine son in Jackson, Mississippi, Mrs. Henry A. Stovall underwent a severe operation for inward goiter. She had scarcely rallied from this until she developed a case of scarlet fever. We are glad to report that she is recuperating and will be able to return to Hazel Green, Kentucky within the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Duncan and family landed in San Francisco after their long journey from Batang, Tibet, about a week ago. They are being detained in that city on account of the serious illness of their youngest child, who is in the hospital.

Mrs. J. C. Ogden, who returned to this country about two months ago, is now at the home of her daughter, Ruth (Mrs. R. A. Peterson), in Lima, Ohio.

Miss Grace Young, who made the long journey from Batang with Mrs. Ogden, has remained in China and is making herself useful as the American nurse in our hospital at Luchowfu.

Word has just been received from the Philippine Islands that the second National Rural Life Conference is to be held at the College of Agriculture near Manila from March 27 to April 1. The purpose of these Conferences is to help pastors, missionaries, and other church workers to lead in making the rural churches in the Philippine Islands better able to serve their communities.

Speaking of Books

Jesus After Nineteen Centuries

IF THERE is a prophet in the American pulpit today, E. F. Tittle is that prophet. His pile-driving words create earthquakes which have not only shaken millionaires out of his own congregation, but have smashed ecclesiastical crockery and imperiled denominational walls. In discussing Jesus he leads us into the secret of his own power and courage when he says that Jesus "is the real and living way. . . . We must follow him or perish in a world-wide catastrophe." The mere announcement of the publication of the Yale Lectures by Tittle has months ago put this book on the shelves of every minister who had the price of the book at the time he saw the announcement. This review is merely a reminder to those who failed then to get it that this is one of the books that must be read.

Year Book of American Churches

THE Federal Council of Churches is to be congratulated on this enlarged and more comprehensive edition of their annual yearbook. This 1932 edition contains, in addition to the only inclusive directory of American religious bodies, a section on trends in organized religion in 1932 (with one chapter by Jesse M. Bader), a survey of developments in each of the great religious divisions during the year, a study of the growth of the Federal Council in 1932, a directory of service agencies available to the churches, a statistical summary and evaluation, and a *Who's Who* among the churches. There are several features of this yearbook which are worth the price of the entire book.

The Country Church and Our Generation

THE title of this book, *The Country Church and Our Generation*, is a summary of its message. It is an inspiring presentation of the problems, challenge, opportunities and achievements of the country church of our day. Dr. Sundt writes not as a theorist but as one who loves, understands and is actually working in and for rural churches. Hear his challenge: "The country church must realize the eternal and unchanging spiritual values inherent in rural life and cause our people to place character above success, inner peace and moral purity above goods, spiritual achievements above earthly gains."

The author then gives to the leaders of the country churches that accept the challenge a general framework for planning a program that is based upon the principles of fellowship in worship, service, Christian education, and in creating a Christ-like world. The suggestions he gives will be found to be invaluable to the program

Books are like an open door,
Out of which the mind can soar,
Rove the world on mighty wing,
Watch the stars and planets swing;
Books can set the spirit free
Though the body shackled be.

— *E. K. Jones.*

planning committee of any local rural church.

The final chapter of the book is devoted to what has been achieved by country churches and other organizations working for the enrichment of the rural life of America. It is encouraging to see what has been done and is being done. Many a discouraged and lonely leader will read it and take heart.

This book should be read by not only leaders of country churches but by our national leaders. In the program of the brotherhood the voice of leaders of country churches is never heard.

C. M. FORD.

Pendleton, Virginia.

The Great Choice

THIS one-act drama, an incident during the next war, certainly arouses the emotions in the conflict between religion and nationalism that takes place in the soul of Thomas Kruger. Rapid action leads to the climax when Herman Kruger gives his own life, against the expectations of his patriotic father, for the cause of internationalism and in the place of the girl he was engaged to marry.

Dr. Eastman has modeled this powerful religious drama after Sophocles' "Antigone" because the theme, situation and the central struggle of the ancient Greek drama are the same two thousand four hundred years afterward.

The drama causes one seriously to face the question: "How far is it possible to give to Caesar that which belongs to God alone?"

J. EDWARD MOSELEY.

Books Reviewed in This Issue

JESUS AFTER NINETEEN CENTURIES, Ernest Fremont Tittle, Abingdon Press, New York, 1932. $2.00.

YEAR BOOK OF THE AMERICAN CHURCHES, Herman C. Weber. Round Table Press, New York. $3.00.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH AND OUR GENERATION, Edwin E. Sundt. Fleming H. Revel Co., New York. $1.50.

THE GREAT CHOICE, Fred Eastman, Samuel French Inc., 1932. (Royalty $5.00.)

OUT OF MY LIFE AND THOUGHT, Albert Schweitzer. Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1933. $2.50.

(Books reviewed by Dr. Lemmon on page 12.)

FOR SINNERS ONLY, A. J. Russell. Harper & Bros., New York. $1.50.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton, Mifflin Co., $2.50.

FLOWERING WILDERNESS, John Galsworthy. Scribner's, New York. $2.50.

Out of My Life and Thought

ONE of the world's greatest minds here sets forth with the simplicity of a child the story of his life and his study. Although I was in the midst of Lincoln Steffins' fascinating autobiography when this book arrived, I laid it aside and spent the most of one night buried in the mighty tide of life which surges through Schweitzer's pages. When I returned to that slow upward climb to the light which one finds in Steffins' book, it was with the memory of a life lived in the light, and the contrast was amazing.

Three complementary departments in the life of this greatest of missionaries stand out in Schweitzer's story. They are his life of music, his life of thought and his life of action. In this book one's respect for the many-sided genius of this man is not lessened, yet the magic is taken out of it. The same orderly, intelligent and single-hearted consecration to hard work which made him a master organist in his youth and a world renowned authority in the field of New Testament scholarship by the time he was twenty-five, helped him to master a difficult medical course and to make a definite contribution in the philosophy of civilization. The same genius which charmed audiences of music-lovers in the capitals of Europe aided him to overcome obstacles raised by a heresy-haunted mission board and helped him to win the simple hearts of the Africans when at last he succeeded in reaching the field and set up his first hospital in a chicken-house.

I wish I could say that here is a book which everyone simply must read, but I know that most people never will read it, and will survive. Nevertheless I make bold to predict that every Christian who cares whether the gospel is working in our day will not fail to read three books which have made the last year remarkable: William Axling's *Kagawa*, C. F. Andrew's *What I Owe to Christ* and Schweitzer's *Out of My Life and Thought*.

A Missionary Fair

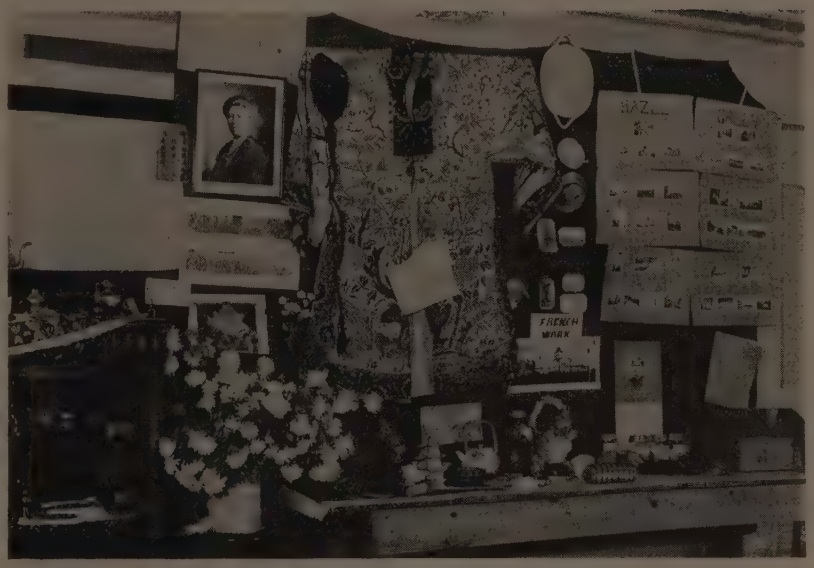
Missionary Materials and Methods

MANY of our churches find the visual method of education valuable along missionary lines. We have from time to time most interesting reports of projects which have been carried out. We think you will be interested in one which comes to us from Ord, Nebraska. The account of it, with the picture given on this page and others we are not able to use here, was sent us by the pastor, Willard McCarthy.

"We called it 'A Missionary Fair.' . . . It was held November 16 to 20 and we are far enough away from it now to begin to get the effect of it on our people. We began to push it about six months ago by urging every person to make something used in some way on a mission field. We had a generous response to this appeal. Most of our people were interested in making at least one thing. Some assisted in making several.

"One class of young ladies made a model of the Bolenge station from the plan you sent. Another class of girls made a Japanese garden; another a raised map of India. One man loaned a fine collection of arrowheads and also made a bow and arrows for our Indian exhibit. A citizen of our town who was born in China loaned us a very large China exhibit. A woman from a neighboring town who served in India a long time under the Methodist Episcopal Board came for one day and just lived India among us. She had a wonderful collection of things from India. Dr. C. C. Drummond sent us a fine exhibit, as did Mrs. Housel of Broken Bow, Nebraska. These were both of India. Allan Huber sent a nice exhibit from the Philippines. A number of our people owned articles from Puerto Rico (bought when T. C. Perry was pastor here). That gave us a glimpse of Puerto Rico. Dallas Rice loaned his excellent collection of Indian work. And so White Swan was represented. The Louisiana French work sent a nice showing from their work. Hazel Green had a fine lot of pictures and a model cottage. The California Christian Home sent something from every guest in the home. The Child Saving Institute had a most excellent collection of pictures large enough for the individual children to be seen. Of course this attracted much attention. The walls of our basement were simply covered with the display.

"The lady from India not only spent one day with us but gave a very helpful costume address another day. Miss Mary White, our Nebraska secretary of women's work was with us from Friday to Monday. She spoke Friday afternoon and Sunday morning. She certainly clinched the meaning of our exhibits. The ladies served lunch each day in some country's style, one day American Indian, one day China and one day India.



One of the projects at Ord, Nebraska

"Now for the results. We know interest in missions has been helped wonderfully. A group want a mission study class to start early in January. Many, especially from among the young people, want to make things such as others use, and say, 'We will know what to do, next time.' And a large number have said, 'We want a fair again next year.'

"We will plan to get people at the making of their projects early next year, and will endeavor to get as much knowledge of the land they select their project from as possible. I do not know of any one thing I have ever had in my work that I believe has equaled our missionary fair in results, except a good old revival and that, of course, is a distinct work in itself."

* * * *

There are several things we should like to point out in this project. First, the church and Sunday school groups set to work and made things which became the basis of their study and which will become so to a still greater extent in their next preparation-period. Second, they canvassed their town and nearby towns and found both exhibit and program material in quantity. Third, they secured definite material on various phases of our home missions and benevolence work. May we say parenthetically that posters giving much the same information can be built up from materials in the hands of the churches from time to time. Fourth, they enlisted the aid of a state worker. Fifth, they capitalized their meal period to add to the atmosphere. Sixth, they followed up the fair, with a write-up, pictures, plans for the church school of missions or mission study class, and definite planning for an improved educational process in connection with a similar event next year.

Today's Hot Spot—China

"We have studied *Living Issues in China* and we want to go ahead," writes one pastor. Other requests have shown the need for an up-to-date list of books for advanced reading on China and the Far-Eastern problem. Since the book lists were made up and published in WORLD CALL last fall, new books have appeared. A desire to do some real thinking and some real "digging" as one reads, or the fact of having to some extent familiarized oneself with the Far-Eastern situation by a certain amount of reading and study such as that referred to in the first sentence, may either one be the prerequisite to the reading of the books listed below:

Far-Eastern International Relations—Morse and McNair, Houghton Mifflin—Boston—1931 ---------$4.50

China Today: Economic—Condliffe, World Peace Foundation—Boston—1932 ----------$2.50

China: A Nation in Evolution—Monroe, Macmillan—New York—1928 ----------$3.50

The Pacific Area—Blakeslee, World Peace Foundation—Boston—1929 ----------$2.00

China: Yesterday and Tomorrow—Williams, T. Y. Crowell—New York ----------$3.75

Re-Thinking Missions—Harper—New York—1932 ----------$2.00

The Revolt of Asia—Close, Putnam—New York—1927 ----------$2.50

Helps for Leaders of Junior Groups

What have you been doing along the lines of missionary education in which you think other workers with children might be interested? Write and tell us about it, for this is our page to help others along. We have no doubt that many original and helpful ideas might be passed from one to the other. On the latter part of this page and the next are the suggestions for adult leaders in assisting the junior boy or girl to prepare for the Christian Endeavor or Mission Band meeting. The use of the section on programs in Junior World is essential in preparing for such meetings.

—Grace W. McGavran.

Sharing Easter

LAST year we had, in *Junior World*, the most interesting account of an Easter service which the junior department of our Sunday school in Luchowfu took to an old lady, a member of the church who because of her age, the distance and her tiny bound feet, was not able to come to church. They planned so carefully, selected a group that would take the service, and carried it all out so beautifully that one wished that every old house-bound lady in our congregations in this country could have the happiness that must have come to that old earnest member of our church in China.

It is suggested in *Junior World* of April 2, that such a service be prepared and presented in the home of a shut-in. But Easter may be shared in other ways as well. Gifts of flowers, especially where the children, junior or primary, have grown them themselves, may be taken to several old people. A group which sings well, after learning several of the lovely old Easter hymns and carols, might carry the Easter message in that way. A group which does lovely handwork might make Easter greeting cards for some special group. There are many ways of sharing the joy and happiness of Easter.

The Easter Offering

Shall we share the message of Jesus and his redeeming love with the American Indian? With the Mexican and the Japanese in this country? With the Negro? With the mountain folk and the French Acadian? With the workers in our coke fields of Pennsylvania? With those churches on the unchurched frontier of the United States, whether that frontier be in Virginia or California? The Home Missions work of the United Christian Missionary Society depends to a large extent on the support given it in the offering of this Easter.

Boys and girls who have been reading the stories of our home mission fields in the March and April first-of-the-month copies of *Junior World* will know what is being done. They will want to help if you who are adult leaders will but give them advice and encouragement. We wish that this might be the greatest Easter offering which we have known for years. The money which the boys and girls bring *matters*. They will be helping to keep the work going, to hold the line firm, to advance the cause of the Christ to whose cause many of them will be dedicating their lives on this Easter Sunday.

Get from your pastor the pamphlet, "Jesus the Friend of Everyone." Use it in the primary and junior departments of the Sunday school. Urge the giving of the Easter play which your pastor received in the same packet. Send for the Easter offering boxes so that your children may have one each for the collecting, day by day, of their offering. Let the spirit of self-denial sink deep into the hearts of the children as a joyous thing to do in service to Christ, that his story may reach the length and breadth of this land.

"China—Luchowfu Special"

Thus was the sheet of mimeographed material headed which came to the office along with a letter from Cleburne, Texas, a newspaper, written and edited by the Juniors of the church! It is to continue appearing while they study the hospital at Luchowfu, and it includes all the activities of the station, including the names of the missionaries and just what each one does. The names of the editors stand at the head, one on each side of the page, and the items are contributed, we imagine, by the various members of the group. Can't you just see the paper being proudly handed out by its editors? Can't you see that group of juniors reading the "news" items about that town of far-away China? Can't you see the care with which those sheets are taken home, and read by fond parents, while Johnny points out the section contributed by his class, and Louise announces that she was the one who looked up the information at the top of the second page? There is an idea many of us can carry out, and some of us have already done so, no doubt. Send in your junior-edited "newspapers" and tell us how you started and how you kept up.

What Shall We Do?

How about planning for a world-friendship course in your Daily Vacation Church School this summer? There are courses which will be useful in the shorter as well as in the longer sessions. There are activities which can be carried out so much better in the longer period of the vacation school than in the one or one-and-a-half hours of the Sunday sessions. Write for the pamphlet on world friendship in Vacation Church School. There are several suggestions which will be worth much to you even if you cannot conduct a whole course in the realm of world friendship.

Program Helps for Junior Leaders

April 9—*Finding the Guide*

THE material for the April 2nd meeting was published in the WORLD CALL for March and the *Junior World* for March 5th. This is the meeting which falls on Palm Sunday. While many of our churches do not decorate with palms, others do, or the children may have seen folk from the Roman Catholic church in town coming home from service with palms in their hands. Or possibly there is some picture showing the palm as the symbol of Christianity in the hands of some saint. Before the time for preparing for this meeting study over carefully all the suggestions for things to do, which are given in *Junior World* for April 2. Help your boy and girl leader to select ones which they care to do. For instance the preparation of a service for some aged person, referred to elsewhere on this page. The use of the palm on Palm Sunday, the story of the triumphal entry and the hymns suitable to the occasion may be used in connection with the meeting if desired.

How are you going to handle the material given for discussion in *Junior World*? Either all your children have access to the magazine or none of them do except the one who is to lead. In the first case, you may ask them to bring their copies. Read along together, letting one child read aloud and the rest follow silently as they do in school until you come to a question or a request for them to make some statement or make a list or something of the sort. Let the reader pause there, and have everyone who wishes take part in answering. Some answers are easy and the group will agree with the one who first speaks. Other questions are more difficult, or require more than one answer. Take time to get all the points of view. As adult leader you may need to summarize. Continue the reading, letting different children take part in reading the paragraphs.

If you care to, and if the meeting next Sunday is to be shortened or omitted in favor of some Easter activity, you may care to follow into the theme for the next Sunday which is "following our guide," in which you could make use of the Palm Sunday illustration. The palm, which is a sign of victory, came to be the symbol of Christianity and of the followers of Christ. It was particularly used in decorations of tombs in symbol of victory over death, which is particularly appropriate to remember during the week before Easter. The theme, "following our guide," is fine, too, since in many church schools Easter is the time for a good many of our boys and girls to join the church. A splendid dignity and sense of becoming part of the church which has endured through the ages may be given through a careful discussion of this theme.

April 16—*Following Our Guide*

This meeting takes place, usually on Easter Sunday evening, unless a sunrise meeting has taken its place. Boys and girls have united with the church. We should like to make this meeting one which will give them a sense of the greatness of the church they have allied themselves with, and a keener appreciation of what following the Master may mean. It should be a reconsecration for those who have already joined the church and a preparation for those who are yet too young to become church members. Use the same method of using the material suggested above. If one copy is available, have the same general system followed, except that the paper will have to be passed about from child to child, and that the leader should have copied out the questions or points upon which he wishes the group to dwell, so that he can have them spend less time on the other questions.

April 23—*Education in Our Mission Schools in China*

This is the fourth of our six studies of our mission work in China. It will be well to have as many reference books as possible. For instance, the back copies of the first-of-the-month issues of *Junior World*. Copies of WORLD CALL, the *Survey of Service*, the 1932 *Year Book of the Disciples of Christ*, and the leaflets of the adult missionary society will be good reference for you as adult leader.

Have your meeting started with the singing of missionary hymns, using some of those which are listed in *Junior World*. Review, or rather have three juniors review, what we have already found out about our work in China, using the material for the three meetings which were given in *Junior World* for January 1, February 5 and March 5. If you have had the China Children's Special Packet you have the Scripture panel posters giving the Chinese writing. You might have one child enlarge the new alphabet as given in *Junior World* for April 2, and use the material given in the meeting to explain about it. Some of the rest of this meeting may be on the report basis, too. That is, ask certain ones to tell about the educational work as given in the *Junior World* in their own words. Where there are questions or work to be done by the group, the leader will want to ask or to conduct the discussion. Discussion, or answering of questions without a basis of information gets nowhere. Turn to the story pages of the *Junior World* "King's Builders," section. Read the story of the girl who studied and became a nurse. If this is not in the hands of the boys and girls read it to them as part of the meeting. It may serve as the basis for an informal dramatization if one is wanted.

April 30—*What Jesus Says About Kindness*

This is another meeting which may be conducted by having the material read and the Scripture readings given, the questions answered and other points noted as they rise.

At the close a general discussion of kindness in the life of the junior himself may reveal many realms of kindness and unkindness of which boys and girls have never thought. Some groups will have race situations which will emerge. Every bit of training which can be given to increase the Christian way of looking at and acting toward other races and people is worth much.

May 7—*What Jesus Says About Things in the Home*

This meeting does not deal so much with its topic as with the characteristics which build toward happy homes. Try to lead it along practical lines.

An old story may illustrate for your group the need of doing definite things which count for right and good and truth, rather than just not doing the things which are not right, bad or untruthful. The story is of a great lord who built in the town of his people a cathedral. It was in the days when churches and houses were lit only by candles and lamps. He built no candelabra in the cathedral and placed no holders for lamps. But to each head of a household was given a bronze lamp for each member of his family. These were to be kept filled and lighted and brought to the great dark cathedral when services were held. "Because," said the wise old lord, "the house of God is full of light when all of you are there with your lamps trimmed and filled and burning. And there is light for everyone. But when only a few care, the light is dim, and it is hard for people to follow." That is true today. When every boy and girl keeps his light trimmed and filled and burning, when he is fine and true and upright and brave and good, it is easier for everyone else to be that way, too. When only a few are real followers of Jesus it is hard for the rest to see the way. If you cared to, you might work out an impromptu dramatization with candles (electric ones are safest) of the giving of the lamps by the old lord to his people, and the lighting of the room when all the lamps were in use.

"Friendly News" Comes Off the Press

By Mabel Niedermeyer

FRIENDLY NEWS! Friendly News! Have a copy of *Friendly News,*" called the distributor of that leaflet as a group of Junior boys and girls raised eager hands to receive their copies. And why shouldn't they be eager to see the first edition of their class paper which was made up entirely of their own contributions?

"Oh, here's my story about the Indian girl in the hospital," excitedly exclaimed Nan, who says she is going to be a nurse when she is older.

"And here's my Indian puzzle game," came from Jack, who is all boy and particularly fond of puzzles.

"I've found my poem," this from Ruth, who was the first to submit this type of literature.

And so they continued, each child exclaiming upon sight of his own contribution. But what was the project in which these children displayed so great an interest?

It all came about during the first session of the Junior division in the Church School of Missions when Ted had impulsively asked, "Do we *have* to make notebooks again this year, Miss Palmer?"

That was just what the director in charge wanted—suggestions from the children. So she welcomed this one coming from Ted, even though it was of the negative variety. "Why no, we don't *have* to make notebooks unless we'd *like* to make them," was her reply. "Don't you think it would be fine to keep some record of what we are doing, though, Ted?" she continued.

"Yes, just so it isn't notebooks," Ted answered.

And then followed an animated discussion of just what might be substituted in place of that overworked plan. After everyone had been given an opportunity to make a suggestion, they voted to publish a weekly paper, with every member of their group submitting a story of that phase of their study which appealed to them most. But what should they call it? Various names for their periodical were suggested, the final vote going to *Friendly News.*

"Aren't we going to write about our friends in India?" asked Bob in support of that title. So *Friendly News* it became.

The next thing to do was to elect an editor and his staff of assistants. The law of ability and not of "favorites" was exercised in this election with the result that the oldest boy in the group was chosen as editor with a group of able boys and girls to act as his assistants. It was made clear to the other members of the group that everyone must send contributions to the editor's desk if the paper were to represent the whole group. This responsibility was not lightly taken, and the boys and girls were all eager to find some interesting bit of news concerning their faraway friends. A library containing books of stories, customs, living conditions, etc., of India was set up in the classroom, and the close of each session found few books left on its shelves.

The contributions were usually written up at home and brought to each meeting, arranged by the editors, and sent to the church office for mimeographing. And now, the first edition was off the press! What excitement as they all scanned its columns for their own stories! After their own contributions were located, read and reread, other articles were found to be equally as interesting. Group discussion followed concerning the various items published in the "weekly" and then they were put away to be bound with the entire series at the end of the course.

. . . . . .

"Miss Palmer, are we going to have a newspaper again next year?" asked Ted when the last session was over. "Because if we are, I want to enroll now."

Dedicated to all mothers—

HIS MOTHER

By G. M. ANDERSON

A poignantly beautiful and profoundly moving story of our Lord, as it might have been told by—

MARY, HIS MOTHER
JOSEPH
MARY OF BETHANY

In the words of Mary, His Mother, of Joseph, and Mary of Bethany, the wonderfully thrilling story of our Lord's life, death, and resurrection is recounted once again.

Tenderly, reverently the marvelous tale is unfolded—the most fascinating story of the ages exquisitely told.

Prepared on blue-bordered pages, with full-color reproductions of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair" and Hacker's "Annunciation," and with other famous paintings.

The Perfect Easter Book

$1.00 Postpaid

CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION

Beaumont and Pine Streets

St. Louis, Mo.

Receipts for Eight Months Ending February 28, 1933

United Christian Missionary Society
From Churches and Individuals

	General Fund	Increase	Special Funds	Increase
Churches	$103,222.89	$ 26,999.94*	$ 536.50	$ 2,335.13*
Sunday Schools	99,892.83	30,763.68*	23.96	129.29*
Christian Endeavor Societies	2,250.00	605.10*		
Missionary Organizations	176,226.32	52,790.05*	401.25	505.56*
Individuals	21,494.57	1,691.60	3,620.75	2,631.15*
	$403,086.61	$109,467.17*	$ 4,582.46	$ 5,601.13*
From Miscellaneous Sources				
Bequests	$ 13,676.01	$ 9,431.01	$ 11.68	$ 4,056.98*
Interest (U. C. M. S.)	43,935.70	7,562.64*	1,941.06	216.44*
Interest (Old Societies)	13,384.07	12,500.34*		
Gifts from Old Societies	30,514.16	12,868.86	13,201.90	23,093.59*
Home Missions Institutions	31,496.26	7,590.76*		
Benevolent Institutions	38,746.37	8,954.57*		164.37*
Foreign Field Receipts				
Annuities			5,717.35	2,716.35*
WORLD CALL Subscriptions and Advertising	23,327.50	2,761.43*		
King's Builders		547.46*		
Literature	15,190.68	6,354.86*		
Miscellaneous	19,222.94	872.57*	11,425.99	3,954.85
	$229,493.69	$ 24,844.76*	$32,297.98	$25,786.56*
Board of Education				
Churches	$21,135.20	$1,128.00*		

*Decrease

For the Church School Workers

In April World Call

For the Superintendent:

Editorials
Our Rural Churches, Grant K. Lewis—page 5
The Easter Parade, Helen Welshimer—page 7
Fools—for Christ's Sake, Virgil A. Sly—page 9
Book Chat—page 12
A Home Missions Leader Passes, W. R. Warren—page 17
Listening In On the World, James A. Crain—page 18
Melted Into Music, Imogene Mullins—page 20

For the Teacher of Adults:

Our Rural Churches, Grant K. Lewis—page 5
The Easter Parade, Helen Welshimer—page 7
Fools—for Christ's Sake, Virgil A. Sly—page 9
Book Chat—page 12
Melted Into Music, Imogene Mullins—page 20
Missionary Organizations' Own Section

For the Teacher of Young Peaple:

The Easter Parade, Helen Welshimer—page 7
Fools—for Christ's Sake, Virgil A. Sly—page 9
Melted Into Music, Imogene Mullins—page 20
Listening In On the World, James A. Crain—page 18
Programs for Young People—page 37

Individual Cups

Clean, sanitary. Send $6.50 for Aluminum Tray and 36 crystal glasses. Extra glasses $1.00 dozen. Collection Plates $1.75 up. Pastor's Outfits. Write for SPECIAL OFFER. Folder free. 70,000 churches now use.
Thomas Communion Service Co., Box 488 Lima, Ohio

WE CAN USE
YOUR SPARE TIME
in an unique plan which will show substantial returns with a minimum amount of effort. This will appeal to anyone—Write for details.
Ardee Co., 889 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. City

For the Teacher of Children:

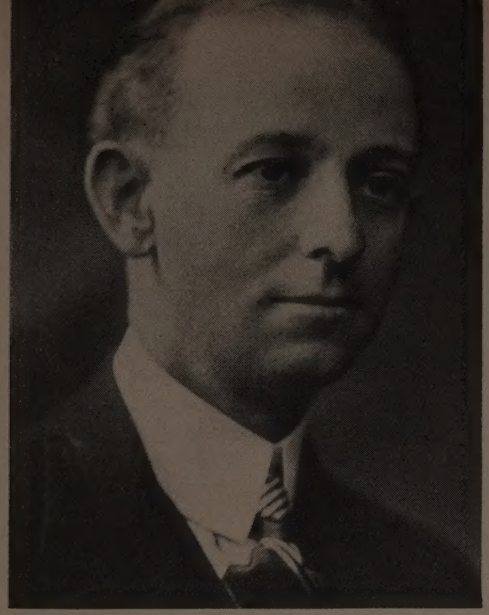
Helps for Leaders of Junior Groups—page 44
Melted Into Music, Imogene Mullins—page 20

New Industries in Luchowfu

Our Rural Center in Luchowfu now takes the country boys in and gives them a Christian training. These will go out and help to establish Christian communities. This new organization is helping to support itself by introducing new industries and by marketing rural products for the farmers. This year we sold over a thousand tins of canned tomatoes which is a new and much needed industry for China. We have just employed Mr. Chao, who is a capable and energetic young man for this work. He is a graduate of Nanking University Agricultural Department. This work is my particular care just now as it is in the development stage. I have just returned from a two weeks' trip to Nanking and Shanghai arranging for the marketing of the rural products.

OSWALD GOULTER.

Luchowfu, China.



This Is What They Say:

The "World Call" is rendering a service of immeasurable value at this time in stimulating our great brotherhood in our work. Its fresh, sparkling pages help to keep our courage high and to keep our eyes toward the sunrise. It was never so important to our movement as it is at this time.—Homer W. Carpenter, minister First Christian Church, Louisville, Kentucky. (Acting president 1932 International Convention.)

The "World Call" is one of the greatest missionary journals published. For $1.00 you can receive the magazine for a year. Send in your dollar at once. The offer will close in a few days.—From "The Canton Christian," P. H. Welshimer, minister First Christian Church, Canton, Ohio, editor.

I cannot imagine a church that desires to share its life with the world getting on in the process without many copies of "World Call" finding their way to the homes of its people. We set our goals for "World Call" subscriptions and work as assiduously for achievement as we do on the financial budget of the church. And we read them!—Marvin O. Sansbury, minister First Christian Church, Seattle, Washington.

CLIP ON THIS LINE

This Is What I Say:

Send me WORLD CALL for one year. I enclose a dollar.

Name _____

Address _____

Church _____

WORLD CALL COUPON

WORLD CALL is regularly $1.50 a year. For a limited time only we are offering it for $1.00 in an attempt to double our subscription list. This coupon has a cash value of fifty cents if accompanied by $1.00 for one yearly subscription to WORLD CALL. Clip and send to WORLD CALL, 222 Downey Ave., Indianapolis.

The Last Page

I Don't Like Money

I never did like money anyhow, being difficult to retain and frightfully hard to count, the clerks and I never agreeing on the amount of change due me. Indeed I have always felt a little embarrassed in the possession of money, for fear I was hoarding when I was merely being thrifty, or lest I be extravagant when I was but helping to put coin into circulation. No matter how you treat it, it appears to lay you open to a lot of criticism. If I put it in the bank, I would lie awake nights wondering if I put it in the *right bank*. If I carried it about with me, I imagined that my purse was X-rayed by gimlet eyes along the street. In spending it, I seemed always to have paid too much or too little. When I earned it, I had either been overpaid, thereby cheating my employer, or underpaid, thereby doing myself a gross injustice. While greatly desiring it for what it could do for me, I have never been able quite to make friends with it. When it is in the hands of others I contrive how I can coax it my way, and when by some turn of fortune it lies in my hand, it invariably seems as if it belongs somewhere else (and probably does). About the only time I am at peace with it is when I am putting it in the collection basket. Somehow that would seem to be my safest investment.

So evanescent is money that it has never seemed like that substantial commodity called substance. Nothing quite so dirty or transient or man-coined can surely be my supply. The late electrical wizard, Charles Steinmetz, would not allow his life to be cluttered with monetary matters. No salary would he accept. So instead—they paid his bills. It is difficult to understand money—that strange thing that men strive hard for and sometimes lose their souls to get, only that they may straightway let go of it again; while merely to hold it is most futile of all. Surely the old way of supply was best—manna for money—so that you could not accumulate to hoard, but had exactly enough for each day.

—"Trivia" in the *Indianapolis Star*.

All people make mistakes. That is why erasers are put on lead pencils.

—*The Baptist*.

Little Marjorie came to tell her Sunday school teacher that she would have to give up her part in the Thanksgiving exercises.

"Oh, Marjorie!" lamented the teacher, "don't say that. Have you lost your Thanksgiving spirit so soon, my dear?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"Not my Thankthgivin' spirit," she lisped. "It 'th my front teeth."

Call Out the Reserves

By F. M. Rogers

We hear very much of "depression" these days,
And there is a recession in numerous ways
From the advances made in prosperous year
But none of these aspects should strike us with fear.

"God's still in His heaven, all's right with the world"
Is a truth we should tie to when downward we're hurled.
"Forward march!" and "Be not dismayed"
Are the orders from Him whose hand is not stayed.

In a time of retreat from positions once earned,
Call out the reserves and be not once spurned.
You've weapons and armor that know no defeat,
Faith, Hope and God in a time of retreat.

Relying on these and "right-about-face,"
We'll soon hit Depression right square in the face
And move right straight onward in this year of His grace
'Round the corner we've heard of and longed for apace.

An Englishman touring Canada was staying at a wayside hotel. One night it was very cold, and the Englishman, feeling it pretty badly, came downstairs early next morning to get warm. At the same time a trapper, who had been out looking at his traps, came in at the door. Icicles were hanging from his moustache, and with a pitying expression, the Englishman looked at him and exclaimed:

"By jove, old man, what room did you sleep in?"

Easy Enough

"Charles," said the teacher, "what are the effects of heat and cold?"

"Heat expands and cold contracts," answered Charles promptly.

"Now, give me examples."

"In summer the days are long, and in winter they are very short."

When folk tell what isn't so about you, don't get angry. Suppose they had known the truth about you and told that!—*Boston Post*.

It Is Not Easy

To apologize,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To keep on trying,
To think and then act,
To profit by mistakes,
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS

—*Dorothy News*.

The small boys' teacher had asked her pupils for a sentence containing the word "veil." Amid numerous written replies, says *The Manchester Guardian*, one stood out above the remainder—"The lady wore a veil on her deuterogamy." "Deuterogamy!" exclaimed the teacher. "Where did you get that word, Johnny?" "Crossword puzzle, m u m," replied Johnny, glibly. "But what does it mean?" "Second marriage, mum." The teacher turned to the dictionary, which, of course, she should have done before making inquiry, and found Johnny was correct. It is thought he may establish a school for backward teachers.

A small boy had gone to bed and his mother heard him talking. She asked, "Billie, are you saying your prayers?" "No, Mama, I can't remember it, but I am saying my letters to Jesus and he will fix them into a prayer."

A philosopher of the eighteenth century declared that there were three hard things for men in life:

To guard a secret.

To bear an injury.

To employ one's spare time.

—*Selected*.

A scribbler and his bride were alone for the first time in their new home.

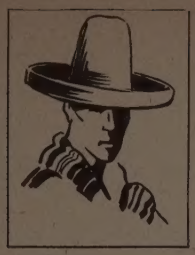
"Darling," said the bride, "I have a confession to make. I can't cook."

"Oh, that's all right, dear. I'm an author, and there won't be anything to cook."—*Selected*.

"A feller has a right to hold his political opinions, hain't he?" sourly demanded the talkative neighbor.

"He has, if he holds them," answered the cool thinker. "It's only when he gets to slinging them at me that I object."—*Kansas City Star*.

Speaking of plastic surgery, isn't there some way to transfer bone from a statesman's head to his spinal column.—*Brooklyn Times*.



NINE

Great Home Missionary Tasks

NEGRO

INDIAN

MEXICAN

JAPANESE

IMMIGRANT

HIGHLANDER

FRENCH ACADIAN

CHURCH MAINTENANCE

EVANGELISM

Supported by the

SELF-DENIAL EASTER OFFERING
IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
APRIL 16

UNITED CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
MISSIONS BUILDING INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The Lord's Supper

"This is my body, which is given for you;
Do this," he said, "and break, remembering me."
O Lamb of God, our Paschal off'ring true,
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.

"This is my blood, for sins' remission shed";
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round;
So let us drink, and, on life's fullness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

Some will betray thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.

But round us fall the evening shadows dim;
A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

—Charles L. Ford,
in *Quotable Poems.*

CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, ST. LOUIS